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FEBRUARY 1975

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

50¢

# Maclean's

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THURSDAY 1975 CONTENTS VOL. 30/NO. 2

# Maclean's

## CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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# TOUGH GUY MEETS FALL GUY: WINNER TAKES OIL

By Walter Stewart

Past Eddie Goodman shook his wise old head sadly. "The federal government," he said, "had no other choice than to do what it did. It was a mistake. No other choice." I nearly fell off my chair. Past Eddie, as everybody knows, is a Tory hagiographer and once-once (that's right, at a guess, the last time he had anything kind to say about a Liberal administration, Lester was still alive. What's more, the federal leader of his party, Robert Stanfield, has a list of opinions the government might have pursued, and so does Peter Leighton, the Alberta premier and a political success in his field.

What the federal government had done was to precipitate yet another constitutional crisis by refusing to allow resource companies the right to deduct provincial royalties from federal income tax. That action, proposed in last May's budget, then reintroduced after the general election, created a split in every political party, set most of the provinces hating after Ottawa's heels, and opened a debate that will absorb much of our political energy over the next year.

There are two sides to this here, and they should be kept quite separate, because it seems to me that on one issue the federal Liberals — and Past Eddie — are absolutely right, and on the other they are wrong, wrong, wrong.

The first is the issue of resource sharing, which we are going to do with the world's profits created by world increases in the price of non-renewable resources?

The British North America Act, for once, is perfectly clear, it says, in Section 109, "All Lands, Mines, Minerals and Royalties belonging to the several Provinces . . . and all Sums that due or payable for such Lands, Mines, Minerals or Royalties, shall belong to the several Provinces." The deal under which Confederation was joined laid the provinces their resources and the income from them, and the four western provinces were placed in the same position by a 1959 amendment to the Act.

However, when the RMA Act was written, resource income was not important at all. It was. During the December round of federal-provincial resource negotiating in Ottawa, Finance Minister John Turner calculated that the provinces will receive 322 billion in royalties and other levies from oil and gas over the next five years: that is a hell of a lot of money. It is enough money, in fact, to make Canadian Confederation out of gas.

If there is any logic to Confederation, it is to bring about some fair sharing of the nation's wealth, the only government in a position to administer that. It is the federal government, and it has not done enough in this line. Ontario has always been the spoiled daughter of Confederation, and it is a matter of better money to some provinces — Saskatchewan, for example — that Ontario's passion for equality only became acute when it looked as if the West might get a leg up on the rest of the nation.

But let that pass, the point is that the new resource wealth had to be dealt with, had to be partitioned out in a fairer way than our industrial wealth has been, and the pro-

cession was absolutely right to move to meet that problem.

Where it was wrong, however, was in the way it chose to do so, in a single, strongest paragraph in the budget speech. It was done by executive fiat. The federal cabinet has chosen to confiscate, without any consultation or compensation, not only a huge share of royalties belonging to the provinces but the provinces' right to develop their resources according to their own needs and priorities. Without the right to develop provincial royalties from their resource drive industries, resource companies might have found themselves taxed at a rate of more than 1000%; the provinces were forced to either cut back on the royalties to which they have every right under law, or see their resource industries drying up in droves.

Alberta especially led the way in cutting its share of the royalty take and calling for yet another hike in prices to end the conspiracy. This year, we can expect oil industry profits to rise from the stupor of the obscene, but there is no guarantee the new money will be ploughed back into exploration. Ottawa has destroyed the royalty leverage by which the provinces could demand development, but has supplied no new direction of its own.

This action was not taken in line with the federal government's national energy policy, because there it said, it was a simple, naked game of power.

Eric Korman, a Montreal economist who has had the benefit of cabinet experience at both the federal and provincial levels, argues that "if they go any way with this, it wouldn't even give a damn about any provincial election. It wouldn't matter if the provinces have been reduced to the level of nations."

We are in for months of name-calling, bickering, stalling, lawsuits, counter-suits, rick-picking and backbiting between the federal government and the provinces. In the end, there will be some sort of deal-off — despite Ottawa's present stern tone — because the province's legal position appears quite strong. In the meantime, there will be total confusion in the resource sector, private capital will be unwilling to invest in development and the public capital that should be doing the job will be blocked by Turner's blunt warning that "any provincial government which uses this budget as a baseline as a industry better think about it very carefully." (That was a veiled reference to a Ways and Means resolution tabled with the budget, under which natural resource producers could be taxed at "an arbitrary value" if they sell to provincial crown corporations at below market prices.)

So development will be stalled, resource policy suspended and we will be treated to the sight of federal and provincial politicians screaming at each other for the next several months. And for what? So that John Turner could show us what a tough guy he is, and the Trudeau government could once more exercise its talent for confrontation politics. The development of this nation's resources and the building of its new wealth are challenges enough for all Canadians at all levels of government, it's a pity the federal Liberals haven't learned, yet, that there is a Canada outside Ottawa.



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# THE FARMER IN THE DELL IS LEARNING HOW TO SELL

By Don Baron

When Wheat Board Minister Otto Lang announced his nationally new grain policy, it was not without a few months ago, he set the stage for a series of events that would transform Canada's creaking old grain industry into a dynamic and smoothly functioning giant. The new policy abolished the Canadian Wheat Board's monopoly control over the movement of Prairie food grains. It freed Prairie farmers to sell directly to foodies overseas anywhere in Canada or to grain companies who in turn would sell to foreign buyers. The new policy left the Wheat Board still in control of export grain, but it put rid of some of the bureaucratic machinery that has made the industry rigidly inflexible, and it set off a scramble by grain companies to devise new services for grain growers such as they have scarcely imagined before.

The biggest new entrant from United Grain Growers Ltd., a farmers' cooperative which had exerted quiet political pressure for a relaxation of the rules that hampered farmers' grain marketing efforts. UGG leaders such as A. M. Runciman, president of the co-op, saw the new policy as the break they wanted, an opportunity to venture beyond their role of grain pattern into the grain marketing field. UGG will take on international grain companies such as Consolidated Grain Company and Cargill Grain Company Limited in one of the most difficult businesses in the world.

Centennial Grain Company and Cargill Grain Company Limited are privately owned firms whose annual sales run in billions of dollars. Between them, they handle nearly half the world's grain shipments. They are probably the biggest privately held companies in the United States. The man who controls and owns Centennial, Michel Frébourg, has negotiated grain sales of staggering proportions. His firm has its own fleet of ships and operates a vast communications network through which thousands of messages pour into its various world offices daily, reporting crop and weather conditions, political and economic trends, bids and offers for grain — anything that affects the business, which is just about everything. That information goes the firm's orders a minute by minute fed for the world's grain market, it's the key to successful trading in a complex and constantly competitive business, any Canadian grain will have to set up just such a network to survive in that business.

These international grain firms are already responding to the changes in Canada's grain policy. Centennial, which had largely confined its Canadian activities to buying Wheat Board grain and selling it for export, launched a grain buying program of its own, sending agents down from its firms, offering new pricing methods and grain programs. Cargill Grain took a harder line two years ago by building the most modern regional buying plant on the Prairies and offering new buying and pricing programs that pushed up returns for farmers and brought in a flood of new business. Last spring Cargill moved again. They bought a grain firm that had a chain of elevators through the Prairies. They gave them agents in local communities who could begin buying



competitively into the new program some into United Grain Growers, others into private competing markets.

But a decade by UGG is a very bold move in its keeping with its past. The first of the Prairie grain growers' co-ops, it was set up by farmers in 1906 to give them muscle in dealing with the railroads and private grain companies, and in marketing their grain. But neither UGG, nor the other cooperatives formed later, ever really achieved the goal of becoming licensed marketers. The Canadian Wheat Board became virtually a monopoly sales agent. It protected farmers from some of the grain market's slumps and swings and from the international grain companies, but it also, inadvertently, perpetuated the isolation of farmers from their markets.

UGG is nearly 70 years old now, still proudly boasts three million grain farms, but it generated more than \$11 million in profits before taxes last year. And it equates youthful confidence. It has hired two of the most experienced grain salesmen in the country and a traffic specialist to charter vessels and cope with the world ocean freight market. It has lined up agents in Asia and Europe. It has set up new grain merchandising offices in the Winnipeg Commodity Exchange building at the heart of its own communications network, and now its leaders have their fingers on the pulse of the grain market as do private grain companies' employees have ever had before.

The cooperative has some unexpected strengths. The big Japanese firms, Mitsubishi and Nippon, which compete with Cargill and Centennial, decided that one way to meet the competition would be to deal directly with farmers. UGG is farmer-owned. The firms agreed to work together.

UGG will buy its member farmers' grain for cash; it has diagonal contracts under which a farmer can sell grain for later delivery, locking in a price based on the future market, and it may offer price guarantees to farmers who will deliver grain to certain elevators at specific times. The company plans to use modern tools to make grain efficiency.

Response to the co-op's program has been beyond its expectations. It has sold food grains to British Columbia and eastern Canada, and directly to Prairie foodies. It has sold corn, flax, and soy beans, and moving barley to the U.S., it has even sold U.S. corn and oats to Ontario. And as an agent of the Wheat Board, it has sold wheat to Japan.

The new marketing activity by Prairie grain companies is a historic development. It is enabling farmers to break through the barriers that have blocked them from world markets, and will give them a clear insight into the market place. The result could be a transformation of Prairie politics because farmers will be able, through their own co-ops, to get the information they need to demand the kind of farm policy that serves their own best interests. At a time when the world food famine, Prairie farmers could vastly expand their food output. We may be taking a first step toward that old and elusive goal of making the Prairies the breadbasket of the world.

# THIS, LADES, IS YOUR VERY OWN YEAR: TWO CHEERS

By Myrna Kostash

We are now into the second month of International Women's Year, and in fact as I pen the impact of the whole affair is just about zero. The women I work with — scientists, the makers, researchers and administrators — were all surprised when I told them that this is supposed to be a special year for them. Last year they knew March 8 was International Women's Day; they took a two-hour lunch break to mark the event and the phalanx in the office went hectic. But when the UN proclaimed 1975 the year for women, it passed through their consciousness without a ripple.

Why aren't women taking IWW seriously? Have women's rights become just another neighborhood issue? Or is it that there are so many women with concrete problems that once preoccupation of the nation isn't their job? When a 33-year-old secretary, divorced and with three children, knows that what she really needs is more money for her job, when a schoolteacher needs an abortion, when an immigrant housewife needs contraception, when a factory worker needs day care, when a 45-year-old widowed housewife needs the equivalent of a company pension plan, it probably doesn't strike a deep chord in their souls for our government to say on their behalf, as it did at a UN seminar on women last fall, "It is to be hoped that change will not be difficult to accomplish if it is found to be necessary."

The point, really, is that change has been found necessary again and again. Remember the Royal Commission on the Status of Women back in 1967? It tabled more than 160 recommendations for lawmakers. Only 35 have been dealt with. Among those not acted on, an array, shape or form, are the recommendations to withdraw abortion from the Criminal Code, to retain Indian status for native women who marry non-Indians, to ranch the possibilities for more women, part-time work in the labor force and to provide guaranteed annual incomes to single-parent families.

Instead, we have been given token concessions such as being able to join the RCMP and being allowed to sit our maiden names on our passports.

The women I work with listed the needs they have: better maternity benefits, better divorce, abortion on demand, day care, child care, better pay, and a 24-hour community day care, information about women's health, hospitals, work places and consumers. "We're more than aware of our basic problems," they said, "What we need is action."

The federal government intends to spend five million dollars on programs for International Women's Year. And that money is being channeled primarily into two government departments, the UN's Secretariat of the Peace Council and the Women's Program in the Secretary of State's Department. By way of comparison, the federal government has now committed \$70 million for 3,000 native people's projects through the Indian Economic Development Fund.

I suppose we should be thankful that Ottawa is willing to commit any funds at all. The Secretary of State for Women's Affairs in the French government, Françoise Groulx, has no



budget allocations. What she does have are some good ideas which our governments could take a cue from. A hint on advertising that shows women strictly as sex objects or in household roles, money for working women so they can stay at home for the first 18 months of their child's life, money for widows and divorcees to support themselves while job-hunting, not education centers in the universities, state subvention of contraception services. At the very least, these measures would affect women directly.

It's interesting to compare those ideas with what the government is actually planning. The IWW Secretariat's program centers of four regional conferences to discuss what women need and want and how to get it, a National Conference of "top government and private-sector decision makers offering symbols to symbols" of violence, and a "general awareness campaign" and public information program in the media to raise the Canadian consciousness about our attitudes to women. These programs have raised a lot of dust among women's groups, including the Ontario Status of Women Council who called the \$350,000 advertising campaign by Ronaldis-Bayfield and the \$17,300 conferences "a colossal waste of money." The council suggested that Ontario women should "beyond the whole damn thing."

The Women's Program set up by the Secretary of State is a slightly different kettle of fish. It is a two-year-old ongoing program with a normal operating budget of \$250,000. It has given grants to women's centers, provided audio-visual materials, and is active in working with women. It proposes spending in \$2.5 million three of the IWW's projects on direct grants to women's groups, on cultural events and seminar programs concentrating on specific political issues and activities. See Findlay, the program's director say. "It's important that women gain political skills. We also have to notice up the unbridled statements and show them the ways in which women's needs and concerns are being checked." What she means is that women have to set on their own behalf instead of waiting around for government to dole out their problems.

Those two programs don't add up to much. What women don't want is another hint to Mary Lou Lasker on how we're being ripped off. He should know that stuff by heart.

Maybe, under the right kind of pressure (from a law of those new Ontario Liberal MPs Lasker is in need of) parliament will move this year and do some business for women. Maybe, in a gesture to IWW, the Governor Act will be amended, however much it will be covered by the Canada Pension Plan, and a Human Rights Commission will be set up. But if it appears that 1975 is a year to go on by without any concrete efforts on the government's part to effect real change, perhaps women should start to pay heed to the tactics developed by other "minority" groups. We should, of course, start by making our feelings known in a peaceful way. Imagine, for instance, 1,000 kids running loose in the House of Commons for a day without a mother in sight.

# Stelco boosts capacity of Canada's largest steel plant to record 6 million tons



Left—Stelco's concern for the environment is expressed by the company's use of an ammonia-based, low-toxicity paint to improve air and water quality. At Hillon Works, representative capital is shown in the following: reducing emissions to acceptable levels.

Below—One of the many steel facilities at Stelco's Hillon Works is a new facility that will add capacity to the steel production of the plant.



Left—Stelco's Hillon Works has two greater sources of capacity. New steel facilities for mild, deep-carbon steel capacity are being built up to between 100,000 and 150,000 lb per year for rolling.

Stelco, Canada's largest steel-maker, has consistently increased steel output to meet the burgeoning demand of Canadian industry. In fact, the past twenty years has seen a quadrupling of production at Hillon Works in Hamilton, Ontario, widely regarded as one of the world's most efficient steel plants. Since 1968, at a cost of approximately \$400 million, Stelco has been engaged in expanding and renovating the facilities at Hillon Works to bring the plant's capacity up to 6 million tons of steel per year. This major project is now in its final phase.

The intensive activity at Hillon is only one facet of Stelco's current expansion program, which is unprecedented in Canadian industrial history. Other major projects are located in Cornerbrook, P.Q., Northern Ontario, Edmonton, Welland, Burlington and the north shore of Lake Erie. This stage has been set for a doubling of Stelco's steel production capabilities by the 1990's.

At present, there is a tight steel supply situation throughout the world. Canada needs more steel than is now produced domestically. Stelco is working vigorously to fulfil that need.

The Hillon Works expansion and modernization program:

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- ☐ greater soaking pit capacity
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- ☐ major modification of second rod mill
- ☐ new slab-cooling and handling system
- ☐ new slab-heating furnace and supporting facilities
- ☐ complete modernization of annealing furnaces
- ☐ modifications to plate and strip mills

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# GOD BLESS THE SNAKE PIT, MY HOME SWEET HOME

By Roy MacGregor

When we were all cub scouts the greatest drink was not to spend a night alone in the woods. It was rather, let's say our class, get out of the mess hall and head up to the St. Basil's Mass Street to the Empire Hotel, where we'd mill around the pickup trucks and rental station wagons parked alongside the building. If you looked into a station wagon and could see shopping bags with every inch hanging flap over the sides, you knew it was a good night: people had been drinking since store closing. And then, if the damn were their magic, one brave cub would swing the big damn open, dash down the stairs on milk boxes and oatmeal feet, open the door and look in. If he was able to breathe he would smile, ah, unsee, smile hear and fear. But even if he just looked he would see the Snake Pit, and if he returned he was worth knowing.

There is a first bit at everyone's life. It's as unforgettable as puberty — it both exists it's a strange, uncomfortable world at first, terrifying, exciting, more than likely alive. The kind of dirty you can't blush out. And like all firsts, you discover in later years how much you treasure it.

My first bar was the Snake Pit, the unofficial name for the Empire Hotel's pub. It's a good name — depending on how it's read. It's a run round corner of exotic (obscure if you mother or calculator uses it, exotic if your older brother drops the name casually). The Pit has played host to me as a cub, as an underaged delinquent avoiding the stricts of my parents' friends, as a teenager, as a hostler, as someone, in happiness and in absolute, desecrated idleness. When I graduated from university in the midst of the last great unemployment scare, it was the Pit that took me in and made me a tipster for \$10 a week. And I took to it like a fish to beer, naturally. I learned to "see 30" by reaching for one glass with my left hand while filling another glass in my right, then spinning the empty glass under the tap just as the first glass filled — and I felt I could go on forever in the proud rhythm. I learned to "see 30" (to Gordon here) when I answered the phone, even though Gordon was always sitting directly in front of me. It was unusually Gordon's wife calling and Gordon topped well if his friend could yell "No!" back and I'd hang up.

I grew to appreciate the joys of Snake Pit madness. One day Saturday afternoon a stranger came in with two bags packed full of greens, their plastic sheets, walked up to the black-and-white selection and dropped one of the sheets over the picture. Then he stood back: "There you see it, gentlemen — instant color. Surprise the little lady tonight. Give her blue skies and green grass for \$100,000. Give her fish-colored faces. There that old black-and-white into a color. TV for a mere few bucks. Watchers say?" The bags of clear plastic imploded quickly, the man walked out with a roll of film and I ran 20 feet to make sure I was awake.

But the observers from outside never rivaled the "ragulans." Any Saturday night you could catch the Seagull making his rounds, swooping from table to table, grinning to



bigger old for a meaty drink and forgetting later in the evening just who he'd given his hand to. Upstairs once, in the cluttered kitchen, a regular brought his lover in on a cold night, ushered it to an empty chair and said we set up a couple for it. But the last night was always when Philip, 250 pounds and gentle, would drop around. Philip sounded exactly like Elvis Presley and was so shy he'd only join the New Mainlanders on stage after several drinks and on the condition that he could keep his eyes closed.

One very slow Saturday we were asked if we'd host a wedding reception. The couple, like so many of the rural people around Mudoka, Ontario, were dirt poor, and the bride was underaged, but we said why not and figured we'd have a few laughs. The groom was independent in a new Eaton's suit with but one tie still attached and a partial part in his hair. She was in her grandmother's same wedding dress and she'd updated it by adding sequins and cutting across about three inches above the knees, no hemming, and it was fraying at a shocking rate. Over her left breast she wore a large, black handprint, hopefully her husband's.

The money from the newlyweds and their families ran out within the hour, but by then the Pit had taken them to heart. As the place filled up so did the hour. Every one there, and the night wore on through endless toasts and dancing. Around midnight the groom was located in a familiar spot, alone at a table in the men's washroom, but they got him away into the night. Not, however, before the beautiful bride kissed him goodbye to everyone in the place.

When another job opened and I took it, the Snake Pit people refused to let me off without a farewell party. On my final night, after last friend had been ridged and served and after the last drink had been spilled out onto the sidewalk, the boys ran 20 himself and brought them over to a table. We drank and reminisced, and later we all wandered off to the home of one of the waitresses, where we stayed up till dawn singing and drinking and saying good-byes. When someone noticed the sky peeking over the town we all went out into the backyard. And as the sun rose, but Philip sat his boots down in the dew and, lost as his Elvis Presley lungs would allow him to, sang *The Lord's Prayer*. As I looked around I noticed several of the people were actually crying, and though I don't cry, I sometimes wish I had.

That's all in the past, obviously, but the Pit keeps on going. I know, because I check it out whenever I can. They've changed the furniture and they've even hired a guy to walk around dumping ashtrays on the floor. But spiritually it's never changed. It's a touchstone, and every time I'm back in Mudoka I end up there with my old friends, with brothers, sisters and cousins. We get the news out of the way first as we can and then get on with the stories of the Snake Pit, never letting go we know them all by heart. It's a tradition.

And I know I'm going to be sitting down there some night as a pinted cub scout stacks his head in through the doorway. And I'll know, as the ritual requires

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# HOW TO BEG, BORROW OR WHEEL A MORTGAGE

By Ray Magdady

If you have been looking for a mortgage loan in recent months, you may wonder if our biggest financial companies have run dry of money, since there's a good chance you came up empty. All those trifles held by banks, trust and insurance companies — yet your plans are derailed by a mortgage-money drought.

A casual acquaintance of mine, by the name of Louis, has been hopping mad lately. As a small-scale second mortgage lender, he got him when the market dove down. "I'll tell you what's going on. The institutions, your trust and insurance companies and the like, shot their whole year's bolt in the big real estate boom last winter and spring. Used up their budgets. To top that off, the government buys squashed down on lending and spending to try to stop the high-rolling prices. Only all they've succeeded in doing is to create the worst mortgage market I can remember. It's about as lively as a mannikin."

That's what it looks like from the back alley of finance. But what you really want to know is how long you're going to have to wait to get some mortgage money so you can move into the dream home.

Well, there are signs of improvement. Interest rates show a downward trend, they dropped from 11½% to 11% since September, a small signal that money may loosen up a little in 1975. And there is some preparation a prospective borrower can make, even when the mortgage money is tight, to convince lenders to open up.

Plus check, if you can, to find you won't have to rush into a deal. Get your personal financial affairs in order. Remember that a credit check will be made on you. The lower outstanding debts you have, the better. To speed matters, you should round up all the documents and proof you can think of before applying for a mortgage: things like building plans if you are building your own house, title or mortgage deeds if you already are in a house but want a new mortgage (some evidence of your savings (life insurance, investments, or whatever), a list of assets, some proof of your income and the income of your spouse (the total will determine if many cases the maximum loan you will be offered).

If you are a regular customer of a bank or trust company, don't hesitate to use this as a bit of bargaining power when you approach the bank's or trust company's mortgage department. If you have life insurance policies, go after the insurance company, again using the bargaining position of a valued customer. And there's another possibility among the savings organizations: a credit union. Some of them lend on mortgages, often at below the going rates elsewhere.

You don't have to accept the first deal you're offered. For example, if you are buying a house through a real estate agent, and he sets out to find you the mortgage, make sure he's acting in your best interests. Before agent make money from "finder's fees" — that is, they get paid by the mortgage lender (1% or perhaps a little less, of the total loan) just for "finding" you, the borrower. Not all lending firms are



willing to pay these fees, the banks don't, for instance.

If you're buying an older home, you may want to take over the seller's existing mortgage. If the interest rate is below the current rate, and you need a bigger loan, talk to the lender; he may be willing to get his money out of a low rate investment and make the loan to you at going market rates. Should that route not be open, and if the big lending institutions aren't interested, then you'll have to look among the smaller, private lenders. Get yourself a lawyer; not any lawyer, but someone who specializes in real estate and mortgage financing. He will protect you, if he does his job, from getting into bad loans (noisy mortgages, exorbitantly high interest rates, and the like).

So much for some of the nuts and bolts of mortgage borrowing. Can anything be done to improve the system of mortgage lending to that house buyer who needs loans aren't wanted, as many were in this past year?

There's no easy answer. As our banker told me: "Normally, big lenders have served the demand pretty well; it's only in short periods of tight money that borrowers have had trouble. As far as schemes to get more money flowing into mortgages, remember that there's just so much capital to go around for all the needs — for bonds, business ownership, business and personal loans, and so on. Mortgage funds are just one area of need."

We did admit that it might be possible to make mortgage investing more practical and attractive to some investors. Most don't have the human resources to investigate applications for mortgages and do the other things necessary to make big loans. And investors may be reluctant to put their money in a piece of paper that cannot be sold easily and quickly like a stock or bond. Which brings us to the idea of a mortgage market, an exchange like the stock market — a place where buyers and sellers of existing mortgages could get together. Anyone considering putting money into a mortgage loan might feel better about it, knowing it could be sold easily, if need be, into an active market.

There is simply nothing like that right now, though G. Gary Owens has a plan to set up a "mortgage bank" or "mortgage market" — a trading system something like the stock or bond markets. Urban Affairs Minister Barney Frank's new proposal to subsidize homeowner's mortgage costs to a maximum of \$600 a year will help more people qualify for loans, but it won't by itself bring more investment dollars into the mortgage market. For that, he hopes, mortgage investing will have to be made more attractive to lenders.

A mortgage lender or investor today gets money into an investment that looks him in for a solid return, regardless of changing conditions, he isn't sure how easily he can sell the investment, or to whom he might sell it or at what terms. The whole mortgage area is grey and foggy. A central mortgage market — active trading, the reporting of sources and prices — should do something good for the business, to the greater benefit of both lender and borrower.



## The Bloody Caesar

(You'll find this one)

What's tall, red, Smirnoff blessed and not a Bloody Mary or a Bloodhound? A Bloody Caesar, that's what!

Why people insist on experimentally pouring Smirnoff into things, we don't know. But when some cleverascal tried it with clam and tomato juice, lo and behold, it turned into a Bloody Caesar.

To render a Bloody Caesar unto friends, Romans, or countrymen, simply pour 1½ ozs of Smirnoff, 3 ozs of clam and tomato juice,

squeeze of lemon and a dash of Worcestershire into a glass of ice.

Season to taste and stir.

**Smirnoff**  
It leaves you breathless

# YOUR VIEW

## Flipping out over Anne Murray/Sex and the single PM/Goldbricking Swains

The *Play Side Of Anne Murray* (November). Who stands her? If she is so fond of her privacy would you please tell us what she is doing in show business? Fame and popularity are the name of the game.

Now her one intention is "to make it big" in the U.S.A. She is getting to meet American every day as all I can say is if they want her they can have her.

As for that review of Danny's song by the respected (by whom?) Leslie, things it reads more like an appraisal of a mill girl than a singer.

ELLEN GRANTHAM, HALIFAX

How refreshing it is to read of one young Canadian's success in the entertainment field. Anne Murray has shown this country just how sincere and sensitive both her music and herself really are. Let's just hope the bar backs to the south do not steal her from us.

KEN W. RUSSELL, TORONTO

I find it difficult to understand how anyone could pass such an article as the one written about the young lady (as I thought her) who sang the song about the man from Chulike. Is a necessary to refer to, or have her comment on, her literary troubles prior to going on stage? Must we know that she must first be a personal development? It is bad enough to learn that she is described as possessing the peculiarities of the female cause, without being told that this sweet young thing wanted to punch someone in the head. And do we have

to know what were creep named Bugs and about the last from Nina Scott?

I have been in plenty of rough and tough company in my lifetime but I have never been able to bring myself to mouth the disgusting stuff that she apparently uses as common parlance. If she wants to do it that is her business, but do we have to be told all about it? Is it not enough to listen through the media about Nixon's deleted episodes, the type of story told by our revered Premier of BC to go with the PM's Fiddle Faddle?

D. S. EATCHEL, VICTORIA

Dr. Philip Gold's picture should have graced the cover of the November issue of *Maclean's*. The *Play Side Of Anne Murray* didn't do a thing for her and even less for Larry Lickins. There's nothing clever about using unkind language, nor about repeating it . . . whether in writing or in the publication of the article.

MRS. H. L. BENDIS, AMHERST, ONT.

## Les girls

Thank you for Heather Robertson's perceptive and intelligent conjecture about Flora MacDonald's chance to become prime minister. It was far superior to the rambling drivel about Anne Murray, who deserves better.

But Flora must fall just out — no mention of her love life (before or here) as is evident in most stories about Anne Murray and Marian Kesteven. Flora must really feel "old hat" compared to Mjane Kostel.

And the men are being discriminated against too — we see his (bistro or house)? How about Rikla Shook and not on centre last? Fred Shero and not behind the bench? Or Dr. Gold and sex among the test tubes? Or Dr. Maclean and sex under the Arctic Sea? Charles Ritchie is a bit light — strictly normal in an old-fashioned way.

This lip-smacking discussion of lesbianism follows your "bleeding heart liberal" line. Give it a rest!

DAVID CLARK, SASKATOON

## Bar none

Although *Trevor Lumsden: The Frictionless Joy Of Downhill Cycling* (December) is so politically and so aesthetically biased in favour of the psychotropic explosion of his boyhood tendency to ride girls' bicycles, professional restaurant requires that I supply tell the following (old) story and let him answer what he must.

A man was cycling to London through dense fog one evening when a woman, barely discernible in the roadside, stopped him. "Please," she said, "I am in haste. You must give me a ride." Happy to be of service, the man said, "With pleasure. Hop on the crossbar!" She did. He pushed off and together they slowly and slightly journeyed through the night until, at last, arriving in London, the woman asked to be put down. "In thinking you," she said, "I must confess I've played a trick." "What's that?" he said. "I am wearing no clothes," she said. "That's quite all right," said the man. "I, too have played a trick on you. I am riding a girl's bicycle."

PETER MOORE, MD, FRC, TORONTO

## Write on!

I have read with interest Ron Verob's letter in your November issue. I understand his discontent with the idea of Public Lending Right, but the idea that authors should be compensated for the use of their work is not new, and if compensation is provided from federal funds the public library is no less free to the borrower than it ever was before.

The Writers' Union has every intention of negotiating with publishers; it has already taken up writers' grievances effectively, arranged speaking

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# THE POLITICS OF FOOD

While half a billion people live on the edge of starvation, Canadians munch 3,180 calories a day

BY DAVID HUMPHREYS

I am walking along a street in Bucharest, feeling at ease, feeling well-fed. It's a warm evening and the president of Romania has shaken my hand and the party faithful have loaded the limo with as much food as we can eat, as much Belgian liquor as we can drink. I wash the stain away and the senses weary of the Romanian waitress and I feel splendid. Nothing can disturb me. I even feel like solving the puzzle as they rear by, the dark lamplight glinting off the machine guns mounted on their jeep. And then, my steps slow. I remember another dinner guest joking as we stood off a bank of speed bumps that the real of Romania is having a meat shortage so supply the greasy-limbed tonight. I start to think about the events of the past 24 hours, inevitably I start to draw comparisons.

I remember René Dumet, chief spokesman to the government of France, rising in the conference hall a few hours ago, addressing delegates from more than 100 nations gathered to design a world plan of action to cope with the globe's population crisis. "This conference will be historic," Dumet began — and you would sense a momentary pricking among the gathered corps. "It will be historic because it will be the first international gathering held before the Great Famine and because it did precisely nothing about it."

Well, not nothing, Dumet, that's unfair. Back in Canada last summer, even while you spoke, 28 million eggs were completing the rotting process, ending up as a revolting, inedible mess. Three million of eggs, that two-below-zero blonder, are my nation's most recent contribution to the notion that food is not for eating, food is for buying and selling. You can't sell that nothing.

Suddenly, I don't feel so jaunty, suddenly my cigarette starts to become a lump of lead, I turn and head back to the hotel.

A couple of months later I am sitting at home, in front of the television set, where flickering images convey the fu-



**"SOME COUNTRIES WOULD RATHER FEED THEIR GRAINS TO PIGS THAN TO PEOPLE"**

ESTHER HENRIKSEN, CHIEF FOOD ADVISER.

vor of the World Food Conference, attended by many of the same experts who did nothing at Bucharest. Now they are doing nothing at Rome; here the camera shows them looting out to dinner, here a delegate, looking anxious, nervy, explains that these things take time, have a commissioner reminds us that the exercise must not be considered futile, not entirely futile, because after all, some mighty important resolutions have been debated. Again, I am bemused by a parallel, while these delegates talk about starvation, Quebec farmers are out cutting the throats of calves and dumping them into shallow trenches, to make a point about the low price of beef. I get up, walk across the room, switch off the set.

I wonder if we've gone crazy. What would it be considered think? What if a Man-

was were plunged down in the middle of those two vital conferences, after a quick look around the world? Could we explain what it's all about? I picture myself grasping that Mania by whatever means for lapses among Marham and saying, "Now, look, don't be too hard on us. I admit that nearly half a billion people live on the edge of starvation, I know we have 200 million severely malnourished children, here and there, that many of them are born blind, because of malnutrition. I concede that 10 million people, most of them children, will probably die within the year because of starvation-related illnesses. And you're right, while most of the world starves, Canadians are munching 3,180 calories a day each, and Americans 3,338 — more, much more than we need. But hell, nobody's perfect. Here, have a Hefty-bay bar!"

Too bitter? Perhaps it's hard to keep cool about food, hard to maintain that classical objectivity when images keep flashing before your mind. Images of African kids, their bellies cruelly distended by go or protein deficiency, give way to pictures of pudgy diets in a Montreal restaurant reaching for another roll besides of *Atout* women's scarves that, with the daintiness of death in their eyes, holding out airy-baby hands for a bowl of the great step, are explained by pictures of commodity traders strolling steadily up and down the cockpit of the Winnipeg Commodity Exchange, taming a handsome buck for somebody by driving food prices up. Images of control means pouring out their loads along the Niagara rapids, covering over some of the world's fastest growing land, are lost in visions of drought-stricken, outside, suggesting across the barren flats of western Africa, where nothing will grow but despair.

More rivers, we must keep good about these things, we must face them pragmatically, at North Americans, world citizens, worthy folk. Starvation has been the lot of much of mankind throughout history, all that is happening

David Humphreys is a free-lance writer and producer of radio documentaries.

# WE CANNOT CONTINUE TO BEHAVE STUPIDLY AND SURVIVE; WE MUST ACT OR PERISH

today is that there is none of it, and thanks to modern communications, it is more visible. There have been cycles of drought, disease and starvation for millions of mankind for centuries and although to men with the power have not changed much to help. Clearly we must change the weather, good weather won't stop people from having better than they don't need and can't help. Thomas Malthus, that gloomy economist, predicted in 1798 that the world's population would exhaust the food supply and we would end in starvation and brutality. He was wrong (a lot) why should his pessimistic assessment now be right?

I am now at ease with the argument that I am trying to deal with the incredible waste, ignorance and confusion at world food politics, because it seems to me that are subtle ways to face the challenges we have met and answered before in history, marked in an enormous natural adaptive and intelligent. We are a long way from that.

But—and it is a huge theme—the two themes cannot be separated—the first, we cannot continue to behave stupidly and survive, this time, there is no room to maneuver; this time hunger and Band-Aids will not head up the world's wounds. We may act as we may panic, we may not in the past be making and making through.

Consider One of the reasons an emergency conference was called in Rome was because of a grain shortage we helped to induce ourselves. During the late 1940s and early 1950s, when wheat was glutting the export markets, price fell drastically (of course there was never a lack of food—people in it starved—only of markets capable of paying the price). American and the U.S., who owned most of the long-term export market, took drastic steps to cut production. In the nation alone, we took more than four million acres of land out of wheat, we paid farmers \$40 million to destroy it. Foreign countries, whether poor or rich, then (forgetting all combined to cut up the overcapacity and the world's steady grain stocks plummeted and, just before the Rome conference, there were less than 200 days in emergency stock on hand. Our grain and crop and livestock will be general, too bad years, and we may begin to feel the pinch ourselves. We are already paying unprecedented prices for grain and everything including meat derived from grain, but what will happen if they can't be bought at the present price?

Consider. We have always assumed that we could think ourselves out of

trouble. Agricultural technologists and ideologists had given North America an evidence table, all that was necessary to apply the same expertise to the undeveloped countries. It didn't work that way. The Green Revolution as proudly hailed in the 1960s earned out to be a flop. It did, indeed, take two years to develop a wheat that could withstand the blistering heat of Africa and Asia. We developed a rice that would yield two or three crops a year. But the new wheat demanded more water



**"MY PEOPLE ARE STARVING WHILE YOU TALK."**  
BANGALORE DELEGATE TO THE WORLD POPULATION CONFERENCE

and more fertilizer. It cost more to grow and the poor, who couldn't afford it even at the old price, went on starving. Now could they grow it themselves, they lacked the capital for irrigation canals and fertilizer stocks. The wheat was a success: the people for whom it was intended got little benefit.

Suddenly a new "miracle" rice appeared, and it was successful. For the first time, indeed, the Philippines became a net exporter of rice. However the new crop grew so quickly that the first planting matured in the middle of the rainy season, so it had to be sown before it could be seeded. The small farmers couldn't afford the drying equipment, they went back to the old rice. Then came 1972, the droughts and crop disaster, they were worse off than before.

The Third World has lost its faith in technological advances. Joseph Chabala, a member of the African En-

vironmental Study Group, said at a Bucharest, "Leave us alone. We have enough land in Africa to let us return to an agrarian standard of living, a traditional African way of life, decentralized self-reliance and respect for the African community."

Our way, the technological way has been to bend the environment to our needs, if that doesn't work—and there are more and more signs that it doesn't—then technology will not be the solution to our dilemma.

Consider. In Canada, we have accepted the blessings of cheap and plentiful food and we have served, in the cliché of our geography texts, as the "breadbasket of the world." However, we are destroying our land and driving off our farmers at an alarming clip. We are losing farmers at the rate of nearly 10,000 a year, every 45 minutes a Canadian farmer dies and it is not replaced, or boys to left with it, and gives up. We are losing farmers at the rate of 10,000 a year, in the U.S., under similar conditions, drought under drought, to hydro power, pesticides or polluting. We are producing, to take the stark example, two billion pounds of milk less this year than we did four years ago.

In Argentina, our images of affluence is giving the only about 8% of our land mass is an occupied land, and feeding only about 8% of our people are in agriculture and other sectors. According to the statistics, we have been able to gather, by 1954 we shall have moved from being one of the world's grain producers to a position of net food shortage by 2000, unless we change our ways, we face an imminent shortage of 40% of our eating requirements.

How did we get into this mess? Well, as I learned at Bucharest and we all saw in Rome there were the classic reasons, beginning with a population explosion. The world's population is now estimated at 4.5 billion, and it is expanding. That built in the structure, long-term problem. Then there was the disastrous crop year of 1972. We had reached about of the long-term problem briefly, but 1972 wiped out that margin, that year, world cereal production of food fell by 35 million tons, while world demand kept rising.

On top of these classic causes, there are the gods there are other factors growing out of human greed and human stupidity. We are losing our forests because we demand and understand them for decades, we are losing our farmland because a million little decisions to

make a buck in land speculation have accumulated in one giant decision to build bread and milk for concrete.

Then, as soon as food supplies began to grow short, speculators jumped in to provide an outrageous price, and soon commodity markets took off as if they had skyrocketed and to their tails. This rise, a major food source in Asia, quadrupled in price between 1971 and 1974 the price of wheat when tripled during the same period. We have grown accustomed to making the Arabs, who need a barrel to drive up oil prices, and the U.S. have a strategic grip on the grain markets that the Arabs on oil, and we have used our leverage accordingly. We had already cut down production, and couldn't get the land back into use fast enough to take advantage of the upsurge in North America, sold off its grain reserves to Japan, Western Europe and Russia for top dollar.

Then came the (man-made) fuel crisis of 1973, our farmers saw costs rocketed and got out of a buck in higher oil prices, the farmers of Asia and Africa were not so lucky. They saw their function starve because there was no fuel to run engines, pumps and because the price of fertilizer soared (and it would not only for petrochemical based fertilizers, but for all of them). India alone lost an estimated one million tons of wheat because of a shortage of fertilizer.

By the time of the Rome conference, people scattered throughout the world were expecting an estimated one of 200,000,000 tons of starvation and related deaths. But that phony will not solve our dilemma by atom, bombs are still being built at the rate of 200,000 a day. We have not balanced the books, we have simply created a world in which, for most of mankind, will be hungry, hungry and short.

There is no way North America can escape the consequences of this dilemma, and we know it. That is why so much turmoil on the world stage, that in Bucharest on population, that in Rome on food. And what did they do accomplish? At Bucharest, a delegate from Bangladesh asked, "My people are starving while you talk," but no agreement came out of that conference, only backing. At Rome there was, at least, some movement, the meeting proposed a World Food Council for the short run and began work on setting up an agricultural development fund for the long run. Consider, for an instant, made as much as we do.

Our gift was not generous, we possessed one million tons of wheat at a price,

and another million tons every year for five years. A gesture, not much more. The UN Food and Agriculture Organization estimates that all the Western world's aid programs amount to one third of 1% of the World Grain National Product, and nearly all of this has been studied—we receive at least other nations trade deals or debt notes which may or may not ever be collected. Africa, for instance, gets the World Bank—and through it various private banks and other nations—about \$30 billion for



**"THE GUT ISSUE IS CANADA'S CONCERN FOR THE HUNGRY AND POOR IN OTHER NATIONS. HOW MUCH ARE WE WILLING TO SACRIFICE IN ORDER TO HELP OUR LESS FORTUNATE BROTHERS?"**  
TUDOR WELMAN, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE

for "assistance" over the past decade.

The population problem can be solved, but only if a real solution of the food crisis. Economic historians have noted with wonderment that, as a people become more affluent the brilliant dips in the U.S. the world's wealthiest nations, the birth rate has now dropped below the replacement level. A more equal sharing of the world's resources will do more to demoralize the population bomb than all the conditions in creation.

And yes, the food problems can be met, and in the short run, over the next two or three years, there is a need for six to eight billion dollars in strategic food, to feed the starving and to build up world food stockpiles for the next crisis. Stockpiling programs are more popular, because they undermine the bargaining power of the grain-exporting nations, who gain when prices rise, but, as long as adequate nations we face a reputa-

tion, multiplied a hundredfold of last year's losses.

Once their storage programs are in place, we must begin to overhaul long-term agricultural policies. There is enough arable land to feed the world, about 3.5 billion acres are currently in production and another 6.5 billion could be brought into use with proper irrigation and land development. With sound management, we could feed more than double our present population and we will have it, soon.

I would encourage people to the Third World, where experts believe they can meet their long-term demands only by adapting to a limited environment, through new population and agrarian programs. I can present to suggest to Canadians that we are going to have to consider our priorities and put less emphasis on luxury, more on survival.

For example, it takes eight pounds of grain to produce one pound of beef, that is an inefficient and expensive way to eat. In North America, cattle are the best use of each grain pound we have—most of it converted into meat—undeveloped nations get by on 400 pounds per capita. We're going to have to move somewhere in between. If North Americans were nearly to switch to grain, cattle, or to eat animals raised on artificially derived protein substances, that single change would free 185 million tons of grain each year, enough to feed two billion Asians.

So, too, must the artificial manipulation of our monetary systems. (Remember the French unwisdomly had the commodity gambler deal to rights, he said, "They have given great weight to the profits of merchants and owners and almost none to the life of man, because it is the life of man that counts." Along with their government policies that pay farmers not to grow food, the land use programs that put concrete ahead of crops, the pricing systems that force farmers out of business, the subsidies that waste money, while holding food out of the hands of many people, because the end cost is so high.

All of these things can be done. The task is tough, but not insurmountable. It demands more international cooperation, more political skill, more individual sacrifice than we have been willing to provide to date. However, the challenge is more serious and more deadly than any we have met to date. No nation can escape from the planet, none can avoid the disaster that faces us all unless we cooperate, and we must begin to break the pattern established at Bucharest and Rome, God help us. □

# LIVES OF GIRLS AND WOMEN

INTERVIEWS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYFANWY PHILLIPS

*There's a new mood among the women of this country. A growing pride in their strength and independence. An aversion of worrying about it. We invited four representative women to speak about their feelings for themselves.*



Margaret McMillan

I don't remember my parents ever saying anything about what they wanted me to be. I don't know whether I thought very much about it or not. I know that when I got through high school in 1929 I wanted to be a dressmaker. I had an uncle who was a dressmaker and I mentioned it to him. "Oh, women don't be dressmakers," he said. "But! That's not a job for a woman!" I didn't say anything more about it. That was during the Depression and there wasn't any money for me to go to university.

So my first job was at a knitting mill. They wanted someone for payroll. I started at \$14 a week and I stayed there for 16 years. I think anybody that takes a job and stays at it for 16 years is really crazy. But the thing was I liked the job and I liked the people, and it was just sort of a family.

I suppose you could say I am retired now. When I stopped working I had a million things to do. I read quite a bit and I got out so much more of my own thing. I don't think ordinary people have more say now in what's going on. The people that had all the power before had to belong to the Grange Order if they wanted to have anything to say. Newspapers you can start up a little fight without being an Organisation.

I suppose I'll always live on this level. I've got to

match junk it makes me work to even think of retiring. I think people are better off without a whole lot of possessions. If you don't have a whole pile of stuff it's worry about you can just go. Good-bye.

I wouldn't justify myself over married and with children. If you want to look out for your old age, you can save your money the same as if you were married. The only advantage to being married is if you need a man companion, you have one. The advantage of not being married is that you don't have somebody coming home and asking because everything isn't in place.

It's like hedge. I don't like hedge. You've always got to have a partner. If I could play hedge and be on my own, and if I make mistakes, okay, then I'm the one who loses. But if you have a partner, they say why did you do this and why did you do that?

I've always been a pretty independent person. I didn't go along just because somebody else did something that I felt I had to do, or they had something that I had to have. If I don't want it, I don't want it. There's all. Lots of men people don't like you because you don't go along with the crowd, but that doesn't bother me. If they don't like me the way I am, then that's too bad.



Verlyn Skinner

My mother was a hardworking woman, she was a farm wife like me. I think I would say that I took my values from her and in some respects I am very much like her. She isn't what you'd call an outspoken person. She has quite a few talents, but you'd never know it to speak to her. We were a close family. My life was centered on the community and my parents were my source of influence. That's one of the differences between my daughter Linda and myself. Quite often we have differences of opinion. Children nowadays have such a broad way of being. Ron and I were married in 1951 in the church down here at Fullerton. I was 18. Ron was teaching public school, and it was around this time that we decided to buy our own farm.

We started out very modestly with just two cows, some hens and a few pigs. While Ron was at school I ran the whole operation. I can't say that I was ever overwhelmed by having to run a farm by myself or very confident either. The decisions were the most frustrating — whether I was making the right ones. But I took it in my stride and I suppose I was quite pleased with the results sometimes.

Basically what I was doing was man's work. And I still do heavy jobs. This year it was my turn to throw off the horses and I would say that was as hard as man's work ever is. The time with tractor work was Ron's to do and I didn't feel that I was intimidated by having to do it. I really enjoyed it.

When Ron got working at school I gave up some of the things I'd been doing around the place. But I still go to the barn and do pen chores. I guess the biggest part of the job is keeping the milk house clean. It's not my favorite chore but it's my share of the responsibility. I see myself as a partner. Ron and I worked side by side in being the farm along, we were working toward the future.

I don't feel the lower in Canada are fair to women in farming. In a good many cases, the women do just everything they've got into it and actually don't get a great deal out of it other than the satisfaction of having helped their husbands. Money isn't everything in this world, don't get me wrong. But to think that Alton Macleod worked 25 years without any recognition at the end seems very cruel to me. A generation ago women quietly took these things in their stride. If they left home there was nothing for them to do and they had nothing. In this era I think there are a good many women who, even after 25 years of marriage, could rock the boat and go out and make a living on their own. I would hate to have to face that.

To me, men are still. Well, I don't mean that they should be superior in any way. I think women are just as superior as men. But I feel that there's a place for women to be — not secondary. I don't mean that that men should have the authority in some cases over women possibly. Maybe I feel more comfortable that way myself.

Being in your business isn't it? You can take it lightly, and you can take it too seriously I suppose. Some people can cope with it and others try to escape it. I heard just this past summer that a lot of men's things is found among women on my age. They say it's because they have nothing to replace the hours they spent with their families before the children were grown up. I was surprised that women my age are the ones that are coping.

In a way I am kind of sad to think that my daughter Linda performs a different kind of life. I worried about her a bit when she moved away to take this medical technician's course. She'll be born into the 4-4-4 club and a real help to her dad. I think she would have made a very good farmer's wife.

My sister Phyllis is a painter photographer and co-author of the book *Working People*.



Lise Homer

When I first moved to the city I thought it was terrific. I earned a job at \$30 a week, and it was the best time I ever had.

I was a dancer. I used to think about the man I would marry. I didn't really dream about money, but I thought I'd like to be comfortable. I wanted to be very good at business. I wanted to be successful and I wanted to be very independent. I think I've achieved very much of what I wanted.

My parents are very good of me and they say "Lise is doing this," and "she's getting this much money a week," and all that. I always wanted everything in Wellesford where I grew up to know exactly what I was doing. And when my friends got pregnant and had to get married, I made sure that I didn't. Even those that had been a better education than I did all ended up the same way.

At the moment I'm engaged to staying home most of the time until my kids are old enough to start school. When I first quit work to stay home with them I was getting depressed because I never saw anyone. I wasn't liking to grow-up people and my husband, Joe, is very quiet. That's the way it was until I started working at the market on Saturdays again. Saturdays helped me a lot.

I work at the bakery. I tell the bread lady with all the cash, water sandwiches and coffee, do everything. I know so many people there now, going back really drew me out of my shell. I don't think of it as being like running my own business. It really is my business now, but Joe and his partner Elia are the boss. I'm just say, the foreman. I am working in a big part of my independent life.

I used to laugh, when I was working fulltime at those ally women ponding all of their time watching the soap operas. When I stayed home myself I did the same thing. I like what happens in the streets, the romance. It doesn't happen like that in real life because your husband at times when he comes home

and you've had a hard day with the kids and they're screaming and you don't feel like being loved in all. That's why we sometimes go away on weekends. Joe takes me out to nice places, brings back a lot of romance.

I think it's better before you get married. When you live together like Joe and I did before we got married, he'll ask you to go out a lot and he'll come home and bring some wine or some, he won't give less than that. Men are so nice to you then, they open doors and all that, and after you're married they're different. I think we are different too.

Before you're married you are nice and say yes a lot, but afterward you say "Well, I've got to look now." And I suppose the man says the same thing. I don't go out all dressed up and glamorous like I used to when I was working. Then I was always sharp. At home I'm in jeans. Joe likes it that way. And there's no use in getting all dressed up when you have kids.

Men are very important to me. I'm not talking about sex, but I like to talk to men and to feel like I'm one of the boys. Maybe I'm a bit of what do you call them, a tomboy? I can get along better with men. There are a few women I like and get along with alright, but mostly I'm friendly with their husbands and of course, they don't like that. Maybe I'm not working one day a week. I'd be more like the rest of them. All they do is sit around talking in front of their homes. I'd rather stay home and watch my soap operas than go out and sit with them. Joe says "Why don't you go?" And I say "Well, at least they've got something to talk about. Me?"

I try to have something to look forward to all the time. Even if it's just ordering a new dress. As Joe says, "If Sargeant's doesn't stop here once a week there's something wrong." So I'm pretty happy now. I'm looking forward to having my kitchen redecorate. I'm not going to have the Taj Mahal, but I do want to have the kitchen redecorate.



Liz Edwards

There are seven people in my family. It's lovely to have such a big family and I really can't think of one that works quite as well as ours. We have this house on a town, a great 345-acre farm up north, two cottages, three boats and a car. As well as an incredible number of possessions.

I've always been loved and taken care of and never laughed at. I have a sort of "well fed" atmosphere around me. I'm a fairly confident person, but at the same time I'm insecure in some ways. That's probably because of adolescence.

My mother would really like me to get ahead in the world. I have a very superior attitude to a lot of things, an ethical attitude, and the know that I need a few seconds of time because I'm sort of a man person. She thinks I should do whatever I want to do, but I should do it well.

I've always been fairly bright. I used to go to a fine school where I spent a lot of time swimming on a rope swing and getting straight A's. But I decided I was really too sensible to be a free-school type. A free-schooler has to be much more of a drifter, and I needed a little more security. So I went to high school where I found everything was very average. I don't even like the word average.

At the moment I can't really decide what I want to do. I don't intend to do anything quite so serious as settling down and having a rough time just to make my name somewhere or make money. The whole world is open to me. I'd like to travel around and then hit some further learning. It doesn't necessarily have to be a university education. Nothing permanent. I don't find myself the devoted type.

Because I'm young and I've come right into this age, it never occurred to me that I wouldn't be treated equally. These problems that have happened to other women never happened to me. I've always been a person I've always been Liz.

My social life goes up and down. I've been with

golf-swinging, motorcycle riding, groups down in Argyll, basements, and I have been with the top Four. I had champagne drinking parties. I like a fast-moving crowd when I like a crowd. At other times I retreat and am very antisocial. Sometimes I do that because I don't like myself and I like to comfort myself, sometimes because I'm very fond of myself and I'm absolutely having a great time. I could never tell you what I do when I'm by myself. It's like a dream, you could never write it down exactly.

I don't think I'm the kind of person that could live alone. I had a very strong attitude about marriage for a long time — never get married — but that has changed just recently. I fell in love in August and now I'm beginning to see with a lot more intelligence what some of the problems really are. Before that it was all very simple. Just take care of yourself. I think marriage is having a sensible time. It's very close to being content. Perhaps the clearest people have got to a new type of marriage in seeing their own attitudes and certainties. But I do look forward someday to being married.

I was sitting in that restaurant the other day and there was a flatter there. One of those kids with gold stungled boots, gold studs, platform heels. At my school they'd called Barbara. She was just a little angel face. Big blue eyes and blond hair. She had people makeup on and red jeweled-in eyebrows and red lipstick. She intrigued me, the looked kind of odd. I wondered what made her be that way. That's how I sometimes wonder about the world. What's really going on here? What is making us the way we are?

I have to leave home and go out into the world at a certain time, to make the family circle work and to let my mother move into the child's position. It all has to be done perfectly. But I regret the fact that I have to leave, just like you regret the fact that you have to grow out of hopelessly. ☺



# DRAPEAU'S GREAT GAMES

*The Mayor once said "The Olympics can no more  
have a deficit than a man can have a baby."  
He also believes nothing is impossible.*

**BY ROY MacGREGOR**

Twenty months or so along Sherbrooke Street East from downtown Montreal, Massenaire Park has turned to winter mud. A hill has been broken and spread. A dozen, maybe more, cranes stand over piles of lumber like *Barbagas* waiting up to a game of pick-up sticks. Huge trucks grind the new snow into the frozen mud, and the friction from their tires leaves a trail like melted black plastic. It is not a pretty sight.

A year and a half from now, and what an enormous act of God or man: 115 acres of Massenaire Park become Olympic Park and where today there is mud and broken boards there will then be two rather remarkable buildings. The more impressive of these, if completed in time, will be the elliptical-shaped one just to the left, the one looking like a snail shell with a snail's head rising from it. To get an idea of the size, know that the snail's head rises 352 feet and underpins the tower into a full-sized Olympic pool, and stadium.

During the last two weeks of July, 1976, when Montreal hosts the twenty-first Olympic, 2,346,000 spectators will enter that stadium. 200,000 more will sit around the pool, and 100,000 will sit around the events on the smaller building in the distance, the one that looks like a beached squid's eye, but is called the velodrome. That snail park will cope with 400,000 people a day over those two weeks.

At that time the Olympic story will become the 350 or so gold medals that will be presented to the winners in the 21 Olympic sports. Right now, though, the 1976 Montreal Olympic Games is a story of financial reality the likes of which this country has never witnessed.

If the staging of the Olympics is pulled off — and even the *Games* Olympic critics have begun to concede it might be, though they still maintain it will leave a financial loss — then the party must once again be given, however reluctantly, to Mayor Jean Drapeau, the man behind the games.

When Jean Drapeau made his push in Amsterdam a few years back, he promised that "the Olympics should not become an economic enterprise." A cost figure of \$80 million was handed about, later revised to \$126 million, jumped to \$210 million, and most recently rose to \$635 million. The 1972 Munich Olympics, which were supposed to cost \$150 million are said to have cost at least \$600 million, and there are many who believe Drapeau will soar as high as a billion. Even so, revenues have also risen (though at the end of the year were estimated to be falling behind many costs). We're still praying for worship wasn't poked when he announced "The Olympics can no more have a deficit than a man can have a baby."

When Drapeau approached the International Olympic Committee (IOC) for the right to stage the 1976 games, he had firm warnings from both Ottawa and the province of Quebec that he could not expect help from the taxpayers. (Where Winnipeg's mayor went after the games he knew he could count

As Roy MacGregor is an associate editor of *Maclean's*.



# "THE OLYMPICS WILL BE READY," SAY DRAPEAU. "THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR"

on help from the federal government and from the province of Quebec. Yet Drapeau went ahead, having nothing more to show for cultural funds, as Montreal spokesman John Robertson put it, "he believes in his underwear."

What Drapeau did have was an economic building manner that seemed to be saying *There are everything's going to be all right* — which was an interesting



approach for someone who for two years fought to let his personal income tax be cut by the Olympics.

Over a published interview table in City Hall's *Salon de la Mairie*, the mayor spoke of his self-financing scheme. "It simply came to me. I'd been studying it and I could feel it in my bones. But it would work. You see, self-financing is like a trap. If you keep the tap on until the tank is full, there will be no problem — just don't cut it off too early."

The tape have been turned off as just across the courtyard from City Hall lies in the old Palais de Justice, the self-financing scheme is programmed by COJO (Comité Organisateur de Jeux Olympiques), the committee set up by Drapeau in agreement with the International Olympic Committee to run the Montreal games. The president of COJO is Roger Rousselle and COJO will ultimately decide just how much of a deficit the Canadian taxpayer will have to make up.

By July 1, 1976, when the games begin, COJO will have produced 60 million conservative costs out of 1,800 tons of adobe and gross sales are expected to reach \$750 million, with COJO taking in \$250 million for the Olympics. For the first time the costs are being marketed outside the first country and that has led to a few embarrassments, such as the ad placed in *Money* magazine which read "Buy Silver Olympic Coins And Help The U.S. Olympics Team Win Gold." But aside from these

small problems, it's been a astounding success. Additional revenue will come from the sale of Olympic stamps (about \$16 million) and tickets will bring in about \$15 million.

But Drapeau's financial situation, if he is somehow saved, will probably be the Olympic Lottery. COJO initially projected that it would bring in \$22.5 million, and people laughed, but its calculations are that the lottery will bring in \$150 million, probably much more.

The costs and the lottery are the most everyone here now and will have even more before the games commence. One story you will not hear much about, though, is that the lottery will play a role in the money scheme, in the sale of the structures in the COJO building during the Olympics.

They pay a dime for the drinks automatically, but it's only money toward the total funds. The drinks in the country of Coca-Cola and the company had to pay \$1.3 million for the privilege of supplying them. During the games the supplies will have all the best Coke they wish but, more important, during the two weeks, thirty stations in Olympic Park will quickly deliver Coca-Cola to the only soft-drink vendor on the site.

Such deals as that are the responsibility of Gerald M. Seydler, COJO vice-president in charge of revenue. His office forecasts — which has mostly been low — belongs to Drapeau. The tasteful part of his office, two oil paintings, come courtesy of Montreal's Musée des Beaux-Arts.

Seydler, a former RCAP sergeant who is a formidable force in Jean Drapeau's Civic Party (that is, the party that is the chairman of the Mayor's office and COJO), runs his program on a scrupulous philosophy: it maintains that every part of the Olympics has a potential buyer. To the end, the COJO logo is "M" above the five Olympic rings, designed by a Canadian, George Haff, has been offered for the advertising use of companies in return for such help as the companies might use to fit in. It is the first time ever that corporations have been invited to participate in such a way — they've never before been allowed to use the Olympics in their advertising — and they're literally lining up to offer their gifts.

Swiss Time (Kings and Kings) will provide the time for the games in a wing devoted, today will supply us, Parker will give pens. And so on — just for the chance to use the COJO logo in their ads. Seydler even has programs for companies that cannot directly associate with athletic prowess. Molson's, for ex-

ample, has already sent five trucks out on a two-year odyssey designed to reform the rest of Canada about the Olympics, distributing a book that says, among other things, "Today, in a society generally and willingly dehumanizing itself for the sake of automated and amless consumption, the wholesome side of sport is too often overlooked."

There are certain other privileges apart from one of the large Canadian General Electric, for example, will supply \$400,000 worth of appliances for the Olympic Village and in turn get the right to purchase 3,000 tickets for its customers and special discounts (Tickets for the rest of us will be sold through the lottery system).

The questionable side of Seydler's enterprise is that it sets a precedent for all future Olympics. We've been a whole-sale seller that we cannot because it's successful, and the games will take one more giant step toward being more a competition between countries for the right to stage them than a competition between industries for medals.

The happy side of Seydler's program



is that it lets other Olympic financial programs be shockingly successful. The original goal of this small program was three million dollars, according to Seydler the final tally will be "probably \$25 million." This is financing, now for taxpayers, though Conservative Health and Welfare critic Ory Johnson said Montreal Ottawa has not used some \$300 million to help cover unexpected Olympic losses, and it's generally considered that a deficit of at least \$250 million will show up again there in a direct cost in construction — which seems possible.

But the more of financing it goes to mean very little unless the facilities are really Drapeau's legacy. That is so longer money, it is time. He promised that the videotape network would be

ready in time for last August's world cycling championships, but it wasn't. A camera broke down the tennis and the hockey isn't ready yet. That may be, however, one contractor, who refused to be named, had this to say: "Even if there's no more strikes, it's a laugh at what we're going to finish in time."

The construction is a direct concern to the Mayor due to some funny facts: work between the city and COJO. First of all, the city arranged with the International Olympic Committee and with Canada's National Olympic Committee that central responsibility for the preparation and operation of the games would be shared by the organizing committee, COJO. COJO then cleared to delegate tasks to the city the preparation of plans and specifications and the construction and modification of city properties. So the Mayor will have to handle the games, but not the facilities.

"The Olympics will be ready," he says. "There's nothing to be afraid of. No Canadian working there will accept the responsibility for the games not being on time. Canadians are too good. The workers will prove to the rest of the world that when Canada makes a challenge, Canada succeeds."

Whether or not we will be a master of such speculation. The one man who could give a quibble — and probably sublimed — was a Colonel Howard Churchill, "the man who built Expo." Churchill came back to Montreal last summer to examine the situation for the Montreal '84 "Schedulac plan" after legal and realistic "be reported" and had but one, mild criticism: "I would have liked to take the pressure off the end."

The Star had become frightened at the end of May when Drapeau took a drastic step toward up by deciding to put an end to public bidding for tenders at the site. City council voted 23-4 to vote power in its own hands.



committee to award without public tender, up to \$200 million in contracts.

"We have open bidding" counters the Mayor. "But as private contracts. We're keeping in mind the virtue of bidding, but not the formalism."

What he means is that the successive council decides what contractors have the ability and materials to fulfill a contract, and these companies are asked to submit a bid. The public learns nothing. Oddly enough, it's a procedure endorsed by Colonel Churchill. "What the Mayor is attempting to do is not for as I am fired out, it is to collapse the time by having the contractors on hand during the design time so the teams to build before the designs are anywhere near completion. That is known as 'fast track' and quite a respectable thing."

The argument that naturally arose is to bow and in which contracts are awarded on only this part of the mix, not the entire mix, as it were, the Olympics. So Drapeau is the lines of communication between those staging the Olympics and the public, that when a reporter asked Lord Kilgallen, head of the IOC, what reporters would learn of COJO's plans, Kilgallen replied: "Like me, as double by reading the papers."

Probably the greatest controversy concerns the Olympic television rights. Sportsman John Robertson was also in power — and won a National Newspaper Award for his efforts — that the bid CBS NBC and ABC were awarded to render were a sham, that the rights had actually been awarded three weeks before to ABC for \$25 million. The newspaper would not have been paid the money the network had sent for the rights had been passed under a table somewhere, though a top official at NBC did admit that he had approached to make a contribution to the Montreal Olympic party.

Others give credit to the Olympic Village (the last picture on this page)

The controversy the city seemed to build it, Drapeau was unable for many months to get out financing. Eventually, CMHC agreed to cover Drapeau's first mortgage of \$110 million and COJO assumed the second mortgage. Total cost will have amounted at \$12 million, but there are those who say the real cost will be four times that. Since COJO is responsible for the second mortgage, its financial disaster would be them and, obviously, the city's.

Clearly when the final costs of the Olympics will be we may never know. All we do know about the games is that they are probably the final thing in Jean Drapeau's Trilogy: Expo, Man and the World, and now this. From his more than 915 property in 1970 the Mayor's sales fell to only 555 in the November municipal elections and whereas his Civic Party controlled all council seats before the election, today a third of them fell to a reform group, the Montreal Citizens' Movement. The change, obviously, is coming.

One of the main forces behind that "defect" is Nick Aylmer, Mayor, a 32-



year-old CBC commentator turned politician. He represents the new breed at City Hall. "We used to be known for good things — things like French charm, but now it's going to be the biggest Hallelujah in the world. After the Olympics, Drapeau will have to move the Vatican to Montreal. It'll have to be on that scope — he can't convert himself with the mandate thing."

If the Olympics are brought off, Jean Drapeau will have once again done the impossible. But why he does these things he doesn't even know himself. "Once a man is dead it doesn't matter that he left a movement. It won't be long before the Olympic structures belong to the people and Drapeau will be

Not bloody likely your worship



# RUNNING FOR GOLD

Winning an Olympic medal is tough when you have to overcome both the competition and the burden of being a woman

BY ABBY HOFFMAN

**I**f I am one of those athletes (but after a season in Toronto's High Park. The track for footborders winter, the brilliant seashore beach summer. The park's nature trails are almost devoid of people, the only words those of rushing oak leaves underfoot. It's all quite idyllic, although the further I run the less sure I take of the scenery and the more I take of my legs. Up ahead, at the edge of Gussard Pond, three kids are fishing. I've passed them twice already, and as I come into view again, the three turn their attention from fishing poles to me. They poke each other and hold a hasty conference. At I approach, the youngest (always the most honest) shouts:

"Hey, mister, are you a lady jogger?" After a dozen or so years of training in public parks and streets, I'm used to some pretty strange comments. But this one really has me baffled. It's maddening at being mistaken for a jogger — we runners go to great lengths to distinguish ourselves from the spontaneous joggers, since the jogging image serves for us the status of premier interest — but I give myself the benefit of the doubt and interpret their inquiry as to whether I am a lady in an endorsement, not a question. Correcting their impression, I run on, increasing my stride.

I am often asked if I race against men. I don't. But when I am asked — and this is inevitably the next question — if I can beat men at my distance I take advantage of the question's ambiguity, and throw a little yes. "Yes!" I actually can beat the vast majority of men — 99% of them. I cannot, however, defeat even a mediocre male who trains seriously to race the half-mile, my best event. Come the 1996 Olympics in Montreal, I may well have my problems with the other women running the half-mile, but at least I won't need to contend with any of the tiny fraction of men who would be able to defeat me.

Sometimes the legitimacy of women's sports is tied to its ability to just as good as men. It is true that the men's Olympic sprint champion Valery Borzov was always beat the women's champion

Rosetta Stacher and that Mark Spitz will outrun most men. Could every one?

But, just for fun, let's ask who *can't* perform the balance beam event in gymnastics. In this event Russia's Olga Korbut usually exhausts her audience with her incredible poise and acrobatic dexterity. Why can't an 85-pound girl do what no man can do? Simple — because women are different in a way that makes them superior athletes in this particular event. Women achieve a better balance because of a lower center of gravity — namely, the legs. It must be accepted that while both men and women are able to do sport well, they approach the task differently. Men are better at the quick, powerful movement — the red-to-red rush or slapshot in hockey, the handstand punch in boxing. Women, with their smaller mass, lack of large heavy muscles and consequently greater flexibility, have a degree of grace in physical movements that men are unable to equal.

The North American emphasis on sports is a result of competition, where the goal is to dominate the opposition. And this serves to emphasize the "inferiority" of women's abilities. The European tradition starts with gentlemen and the development of the individual's coordination, balance, stamina and strength. It leads to a much healthier valuation — equally stringent standards of achievement are applied to boys and girls and there is no tendency to consider women a sport with only one sex. In the North American manner of segregation by sex in physical education classes, boys are unable to share in the natural aesthetic qualities that girls bring to sport, and the girls fail to profit from the natural aggressiveness and strength of the boys.

Athletes themselves are aware of male superiority in terms of brute strength and raw power, but that kind of superiority is not the overriding force of the athlete. At the highest levels one learns how much more there is than simply winning and losing. All through my childhood I fantasized about breaking

an Olympic record. And I finally did it — in March — regrettably, these were acknowledged as those of me breaking that same record. There is a poignancy to realize that juvenile fantasy fails to consider I am not, however, that as Olympic finisher (at eight of ten fulfilled childhood wishes) that day.

We often like to think of our own era as the most progressive. In the case of women's sport this just isn't so. Actually, the mid-Fifties was a pretty trivial period. But when I was eagerly playing hockey on a boys' team the situation became suddenly cozy. At the time I resented in all the publicity — I must have been the only player in the world with a private dressing room — but I could never figure out why a girl wanting to play hockey was such a novelty. I was more confused by the fact that none of my girl friends would admit that they wanted to play. People had forgotten that women's ice hockey teams were known in 1960 and that national championships were held in women's hockey in the 1950s.

The real heyday of women's sport in Canada was the mid-Twenties to mid-Thirties. The prosperity of the Twenties and the flood of women into the labor force opened up careers in those activities to all classes of women and athletes were undoubtedly one of them. Led by Myrtle Cook, we won an Olympic track and field title at the 1928 Amsterdam Olympics, and Canada's best-known team abroad — Percy Page's Edmonton Grinds' Ladies Basketball Team — dominated the world.

But it was to be short-lived. In the early Thirties women's basketball was drawing 3,000 spectators a game in Toronto's St. Lawrence Park, women's tennis basketball games were carried live on the radio with the play-by-play commentary of Bobby Ross, and sports columnists Phyllis Griffith, Alexandra Gibb and Rosalind were reporting

Abby Hoffman has run for Canada internationally for many years and is the current Canadian 800 meters champion.

## One woman warned me hard training would impair my ability to have children — so I told the old bag to patent her invention

regularly on women's athletics by 1934, however, the salubrity of women's sports was under attack. Vancouver columnist Andy Lytle wrote a long article asking, "Girls, is sport good for you?" and offered a definitive "No." The bad trends of the Depression years meant controversial attitudes toward women, and this in turn spelled a return to the old idea that rough, aggressive, competitive sport was bad for females.

Following the Second World War, this country and its now friend prosperity created a flood of middle-class suburbs and suburbs. And anything that smacked of lower-class, such as basketball, body contact and team games among females, was frowned upon.

It wasn't only that women turned away from sport, but the 1960s also spawned a reaction of sorts about athletes for women. Women were supposed to be not athletes to perform any but the most modest sports, women who engaged in body contact sports would damage their self-image, at least women would become misandric in appearance and behaviour, and women who took part in vigorous sports would have difficulty bearing children.

I personally encountered the shunning of several of these myths. After one of my very first races (at the time an absurd distance of two miles) I was accused by a motherly lady who warned that hard training would impair my ability to have children. (I incidentally told the old bag to patent her invention while plotting to start a school to train this ignorant old coach to have my training load reduced.) While I attended University of Toronto I attempted to train on what was the only indoor track in Toronto located in the university's athletic building. It was open to the public, but I was belittled even to the door but I was also asked what "girls don't train."

Regrettably, the international governing bodies of sport have helped to perpetuate one myth: that some of those girls out there train hard. And that notion is that problem is the next. Every competitor must submit herself to this test. It is used to quantify an assessment by a panel of medical judges, but thanks to modern science it's a new, very proper affair. A chromosome count is taken based on the assumption of a base fertility. I have personally undergone the test seven times — surely worthy of a note in the Guinness Book of Records — and am pleased to say that I've passed every time. I actually took a few hours between to my younger brother to Matsuy, hoping to stay there

through and create a little comic relief for the victims of the difficult body watches over the proceedings were not the least amused by my light-heartedness. Most of the women athletes, however, think the test is a joke. Olga Connolly, the Olympic dress champion in 1956 and married with two children who last competed in March in 1972, commented, "I'll fail the test, my husband [Harold] (who is Olympic champion) will have to have the children from now on." Anyway, along with thousands of other women athletes, I now have a confident, almost unimpaired signed and stamped proclamation to prove that I



am, if not wholly female, at least "neochromosome positive."

Some of the myths are not really dangerous, merely frustrating. The women's world can't help but easily miss that many public facilities don't provide changing or shower facilities for women athletes. In Toronto, the same Department of Parks and Recreation that builds changing facilities for the inclusive use of boys runs a competitive program for girls and boys, but in these public recreation areas the same allocation for girls' athletics is about one third less than boys, and often to hide the disparity, coaches and sewing staff on the sport-ide girls' uniforms disappear in funding are even worse. In many Canadian universities the budget for the men's football team is larger than that for the entire women's athletics program.

It is a little thing that accounts for the lack of sports interest among women; rather it is many things which together create an environment that suggests to girls that sports are mainly for boys. I attended a school in Toronto noted for its coaching and training. We were the bottom academically but

we had terrific traditions in sport. (I confess to helping sustain both traditions.) Five afternoons every fall we were off school early so we could attend the Big Game. The morning before kickoff we were devoted to a pep rally during which we were subjected to heroic and heroic by the principal, the coaches and the cheerleaders. The girls looked on proudly from their seats on the stage. They were the prime objects of status and prestige in the school. The community spirit of the school depended on them, and they served also as an excuse for the physical education class of the students body. Not only was it warmly demanded that we attend the Big Games, but every fall the girls were subjected to hastily called to several weeks' instruction in the rules of football. We weren't to play the game, where we might have, made some interesting observations — but we were to pick up enough knowledge to at least participate intelligently in the adulation. The girls, meanwhile, played their games on the oval for girls' gym with no spectators (adults and no men's fans). And as for a girls' track meet — much too strenuous.

However, times do change. At my old school two years ago, the girls boycotted the usual male-dominated awards assembly and staged their own awards to recognize the outstanding female athletes in the school. The superintendent felt, though, as that the athletes still do not succeed either in enhancing the fitness levels of the students or in providing good competitive opportunities. Most girls leave school as a physically active, one and haven't the faintest idea how to get any pleasure from sport.

The school situation is bad enough, but other areas provide further evidence of the limited sports involvement for women. The federal government's National Advisory Council on Fitness and Amateur Sport has never had more than five women on its 30-member board. Of the nearly 300 Canadian coaches sent to major international competitions since 1960 only 95 have been women. In all of professional sport, only one woman — figure-skating's Janet Lynn — commands a larger contract than the top male. And in most pro sports, where the interest level and spectator appeal for the men and women is comparable, it is in tennis, say, the women still get considerably less prize money.

The sports media have helped to make the news of our greatest female athletes household words. Canadians have made glorious world-known records in individual sports as Barbara Scott, Marilyn Bell and Nancy Greene

in a way usually reserved for NHL stars. Knowledge of our sports heroines has undoubtedly encouraged thousands of girls to take up sport, but the image of the female athlete created by the media has been as ambivalent as one. On the one hand our starwomen are readily acknowledged, but on the other women still appear as intruders on the sports page. Frequently, physical appearance takes precedence over performance, women athletes are often depicted as either badly-dressed gymnasts or else beautiful women figures simply compensating for any lack of athletic talent.

A recent *Weekend* magazine article on the Vancouver Chanon volleyball team claimed that the women's vigorous playing style made them look "like lesbians in heat."

Gladie and Matt columnist Dick Beddoes loves to comment that he prefers "seeing more strenuous than motherhood for the ladies." On one occasion he devoted an entire column to maligning pettiest standards (Debbie was Kicker's) that putting — claiming that Canadian males wouldn't have their hormones stirred by lady athletes. Too bad for Dick — if Debbie and Kicker can't star by themselves, no woman can.

And where the print medium is so very skimming, television sports can be totally neglectful. Except for the really major events, there is virtually no regular coverage of women's team games. Despite the fact that fully one-third of the sports viewing audience is female, there are next to no women spectators in Canada. The idea of a woman reading the sports news or doing the color commentary of an event is still the exception, not the rule, and apparently not to be tolerated.

It often pointed out that our women athletes have a better record in international competition than the men, and many who seem our prospects for the 1976 Olympic look down to the women. Canadian women have in fact produced 15 fewer gold medals than the men in Commonwealth, Pan-American and Olympic competitions since 1960, but if we consider that men take part in more than twice as many sports, the women do have a decided edge. And more recently moments of the Canadian performances at the Commonwealth Commonwealth Games took by Anne Haas, Wendy Clark, Canada's first female and the team victory of the Canadian female swimmers over the Australian. All this despite the apparent conspiracy among the schools, the media, the recreation authorities and the Canadian culture itself to turn girls away from sport.

It makes you wonder what women might do with a little backing. ☐



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# In dubious battle

Montreal's United Aircraft strike as a throwback to class warfare

BY BRIAN JOHNSON

A raw January wind whipped up the St. Lawrence river valley, rattled the empty shells of domed glass buildings and swept over the bank to batter at the angry mob of men assembled outside the locked plant gates of United Aircraft of Canada Limited. The men stamped their feet and flapped their arms against the cold, and glowered up at the stark factory behind the gates. They had been locked out, and they had gathered here, braving the cold and the hoses, to voice their rage and frustration at the bitter winter air. Someone produced a belt buckle, in a chorus of others, and the sharp ring of a pinning silence drew to either side. The gun swung, then sagged, then buckled to the men poised in shouting and waving, they ran toward the factory's main door. Suddenly, around each corner of the building appeared a photographer who began snapping pictures of the crashing sea. "Company hell!" someone shouted. "Get lost!" shouted someone else and a host of workers broke away from the main body and sped after the photographer. He turned and ran toward a nearby guardhouse. Instantly snatched a few feet off its sidewalk on the guardhouse wall, whirled and swung it at his pursuers. The blade hit deeply into the nose of one of the men. There was a gasp of pain, a startled cheer, then blood began to seep to the ground. The United Aircraft strike was well and truly launched.

The bloody beginning came on January 7, 1974, and as I write this, the strike is well under way. Through the voice of a weather woman, longer than anyone thought possible. Of course it will eventually wind down, the company and the union — local 510 of the United Auto Workers — will come to terms, or the provincial government will intervene to impose a truce, and it will be gradually forgotten by everyone except the men and women directly involved. But it should not be forgotten. It should go down in history with those other long, brutal Quebec strikes by the Adhemar workers in 1949, the Consoville textile workers

in 1952, and the Marstonville copper miners in 1957. The United Aircraft strike marks a strange throwback to the Stone Age of class warfare, when unions were fighting for simple survival, and strength in the back alley was more important than respect in the bargaining table. The Company was not hit by bombs, rifle bullets and stones more than 100 cars were set alight. A TV commentator was assaulted and his equipment wrecked. Houses of supervisory personnel were ransacked, non-union employees who refused they might avoid the picket lines and return to work were threatened and intimidated. All of this was officially deplored by union spokesmen. The unionists, in the back halls and around the kitchen tables of the men who have been living for months on \$30 to \$40 a week to make pay checks in a different dimension, await approval. Even though their subterfuge attempts appeared to glance off the company like spit on an armored tank, they knew it was the violence that kept the strike in the headlines, that kept the press and every reporter who covered the affair was driven to ask, "Why are these men so desperate?" And the answers hurt the company, not the union.

The U.S. owners of United Aircraft were into the battle with an enormous advantage, when the going got rough they could, and did, simply shift a substantial share of the production across the border to a plant in East Hartford, Connecticut. The strike appeared to be destined from the U.S., the company's advantage turned on an American issue — it would not permit the company check-off of union dues on union in Canadian industry but not in an American plant — and incentive to the foreign government will intervene to impose a truce, and it will be gradually forgotten by everyone except the men and women directly involved. But it should not be forgotten. It should go down in history with those other long, brutal Quebec strikes by the Adhemar workers in 1949, the Consoville textile workers

United Aircraft, it appeared miraculously unprepared when the company began to shift equipment — and jobs — into the U.S. The Quebec government appeared more aware of the seriousness of the strike, provincial Labor Minister Jean Gauthier, never once to visit on his behalf, called it a "Quebec's Vietnam." Still, it was allowed to drag on for more than six months without intervention. Apparently, supplying grain and cotton to governments, what happens to the money and the workers on whose behalf it is allegedly spent is a purely private matter.

UACI, a wholly-owned subsidiary of United Aircraft, an industrial complex based in East Hartford, Conn., which makes aircraft engines and other high-technology products on a huge scale. In the third quarter of 1973, profit of the parent company totaled \$24.5 million on sales of \$202.5 million, and you have to wonder, with that cash flow why the company needed help from the Canadian taxpayer. Production is confined to North America, but its markets are worldwide, and its customers include the Shah of Iran and the People's Republic of China. Although United's subsidiaries are at home with inner beams and fuel cells and all the modern gadgetry of aircraft and space technology, its labor relations appear to belong to the early part of this century, when companies welcomed labor disputes as a convenient battleground for attacking unions.

Two months before the strike was launched, UACI's management mounted closed-circuit television cameras at the plant gates to record picket line shenanigans and the contract negotiators knew then that a strike was inevitable. The union demanded wage increases of \$1.25 an hour in a three-year contract, on top of a current average wage of \$3.82, it also wanted a quit-of-leaving insurance clause, voluntary overtime, a

Brian Johnson is a former labor reporter for the Montreal Gazette.



voice in shift scheduling, the rehiring of André Choquet, a union official who had been fired, and the Rand formula of union security. In 1965, Mr. Jeanne Rand ruled in an arbitration that Ford of Canada had to collect union dues from all employees who benefited under company contracts, whether they belonged to the union or not, but formula became widely accepted. However, UACI, realizing that if this compulsory check-off were granted in Canada its 60,000 ununioned U.S. employees might want the same. Early rejected the Rand formula.

The company's attitude to the union demands was framed dramatically by the Canadian president, Théo Stieglitz. "The problem now is that union has too much power. It's not someone's fault. They're tough, and so are we." The strike, says Stieglitz, broke down to one issue: "Who is going to run the place — us or they? And no way are they going to run it."

Representatives broke off an mid-December, 1973, but once a before that time UAW members had begun to work late inside the plant, there were sit-ins and slow-downs, threats and scuffles. Management suspended 21 employees for disrupting the peace and then, on the morning of January 7, simply locked the plant gates. Employees were told to come to work on a staggered timetable, and to submit to interviews as they came. Instead, instead, they turned up on mass and stormed the plant.

Within two days, the lockout became an official strike, and the union kept a prolonged skirmish. Every morning, the union office, industrial, engineering and management employees — nearly 2,500 of them, about the same number as the more than 100 workers — would raise the question at the plant gates and once inside, would be herded to the complex machines and told to maintain some semblance of production or face suspension.

It was a great picket line for photographers. On a good day a car would be rolled, a window shattered and some aerials snatched off. The riot police would mill around like beetles in their bulky, white suits of "Scab" and "Clean" and "UAW" signs. The photographers would click away and the next day the French language tabs would announce VIOLENCE AT UAW.

Soon, a quarter of the police force of Longueuil, the Montreal suburb where the plant stands, was occupied full-time in guarding the plant. Longueuil Mayor Marcel Robitaille received a job when he discovered that the company was paying the municipality \$100 a day for extra police protection, but Police Director Michel St. Jean saw no problem. "The company made us an offer. We asked them to get it in writing."

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## All the company's strike strategy was laid down by the parent American firm

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The one-day strike was one of a series of United Aircraft accidents that kept popping up in the Quebec media. Most-invested and debt committed groups such as the Order of Engineers of Quebec were drawn into the dispute. The association doesn't usually lobby in labor matters, but when it learned that the company was attempting to turn on aircraft engines using professional engineers who were not trained to use the machines or work at a bench, it feared this would result in a lower quality of work, endangering both the engineers and the people who would eventually fly in the planes.

UACL responded to the bad publicity and isolation by staging a press conference in the Quebec Grosvenor Hotel, where President Thériault Stephenson offered the media a special treat — home movies. Video tape replays of picket-line violence were followed by a little pep talk from Stephenson, which began with an informal line, "I don't speak French." I guess I'm not much of a linguist.

The reporter next to me muttered, "We don't have to put up with this crap" and started to walk out, but others were soon on their feet, asking rude questions. "Mr. Stephenson," barked a woman from Radio Canada, "how can you sit there and show us these films? Do you take us for idiots? Do you think we need to see these to know what's happened? For a while, before that meeting, I had television cameras covering the picket lines. They have something to do with their behavior!"

Stephenson also asked about the company man who had swung an axe on the strike's opening day. Did he approve? He replied dogmatically, "I think it was the right thing to do under the circumstances."

Well, Stephenson doesn't have a broad background in labor relations. He's a former Chief Engineer of an auto-parts factory who emigrated to Winnipeg, spent his early career as an engineer, then experimenting with wind tunnels for the National Research Council in Ottawa until Minister of Trade and Commerce C. D. Howe placed him at the NRC and made him assistant director of aircraft production in 1952, when he was 33. Later he moved into the private sector and began his climb to the presidency of UACL.

Now 53, he is a strapping six-footer, tough-looking man who likes to go skiing occasionally and prefer to raise

acres on his 235-acre farm near the Vermont border rather than answer a list of new questions from reporters. Although Stephenson was the visible face for UACL, the strike was clearly directed from East Hartford. One company official, who has since left the firm, told me, "There was no Canadian presence that 'corner' when the strike strategy was laid down, it was managed by Samuel B. Moore, vice-president of industrial relations for the parent firm, who spent most of last winter in Montreal's Château Champlain Hotel. Moore (Cook to us here) was a Canadian cousin of a prominent member of the Canadian executives, both for his mentorship on such local issues as the language question and his habit, on occasion of coming off to the United States with the company executives."

His strategy, once battle was joined, was simple — roll out the red carpet, beg the strikers to return the assembly line, beguile their homes with letters, calls and personal visits from executives. The letters, signed by Stephenson, were given Strikers were urged to abandon a union run by "naïve crooks" and join to build an "improved demography," a reference — and an ironic one coming from a U.S. firm — to such Montreal labor leaders as Michel Chartrand.

The one-hour campaign was to reveal to a class in a public meeting on February 23 when the picket and the would be invited to go to the airport and the strike. For a while, before that meeting, the company placed full-page ads in the Montreal newspaper, warning of the doom that would follow a decision to continue the dispute. The company was losing contracts, the message cut to mention that employees were facing out of order, hundreds of jobs were in danger.

"Just another case study in the company's psychological warfare," said Jean-Marie Gauthier, the strikers' chief spokesman (this was a stock response from a former management consultant who'd been the plant to the ground and there would be Gauthier later—don't ask me about another case study). In his view, "This is not a strike, it's a war" and if the union showed the slightest weakness, the company would back it as they did after seven weeks in 1982.

This time no one buckled; the decision to continue striking was supported by 80% of those present — about the same as the original strike vote. It was a cautious, triumphant assembly more like a pre-war victory celebration than a strike meeting. Gauthier and

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## United Aircraft refused to consider the Rand formula: "Why should union officers sit on their asses while we collect dues?"

the band of yellow-jacketed UAW leaders were placed at bat by a strong, almost apocalyptic, fight in the bush. Many of them were stalemated, not on one or two major issues, but a litany that emerged from a successful 18-month strike against Falconair. The deal between the UAW and Falconair in 1973, after the vote, the strikers sat back and waited for the "muzzies" to expose surely the company would give in, at least there would be some new offer. There was none. Stephenson had his own interpretation. "Obsequious," he said, "the union was successful in pressuring the employer through a campaign of misrepresentation."

A strike, after all, is neither a debate nor a popularity contest, but a crude test of strength, and the company was determined to sit it out until the war was over. So the battle dragged on, week after week, month after month. Workers began to drift off, so other jobs, rather than try to survive on strike pay ("What do you get on \$40 a week? I asked one retired Canadian. We can buy a lot of cheap Great aces") Occasional boisterous acts of sabotage kept the dispute in the news, as when, on the night of August 22, six bombs exploded at the plant, knocking out power lines and slightly wounding a guard.

By fall, the company's patience was paying off. About 1,200 workers, most of them unrepresented workers with little seniority, had returned to their jobs. Many confidently declared that management had "won the game."

But the game wasn't over, and the political island was just beginning to bubble over the 500 workers in government grants given and promised to UAW, in research and development, grants that were given back in the U.S. About 500 tons of unrefined engines and precision tools had rolled across the border to East Hamford. The company had temporarily overhauled 40% of its engine production to the U.S. in the House of Commons. NDP parliamentary leader Ed Broadbent wanted to know if UAW had violated the terms of the government deal. Industry Minister Allan Rock said he didn't know. "I think the important thing here is to try and subvert what is a very difficult position in Longueville," he said. "I think the second point is to ensure that Canadian government rights are fully secured in this situation and the third thing... is to ensure that the consensus of this company are secured."

But had the company broken its contract? "I don't know," said Gilligan.

In past years, the federal government has become increasingly involved in efforts to shore up Canada's sagging aircraft industry, and Prime Minister Trudeau sent a ripple of hope through the strikers when he told newsmen that the government would consider the legal next step — reconstituting UAW. But, within a week, he had backed down. All he had promised was a study, he said, nothing to be taken seriously.

In the meantime, in Quebec, the Parti Québécois jumped on another aspect of the dispute with a demand that the provincial government make the union demand for the Rand formula part of the



labor code, but, although Labor Minister Cournoyer indicated that he personally approved of the formula — "How could I be opposed? My own public employees have it at their contract" — nothing happened.

When the province appointed a freelance arbitrator, Pierre Dufresne, to investigate the dispute, he reported that the company accused "management" of the issue of union security. As UAW's Stephenson saw it, "Why should union officers sit on their asses in their offices while we collect the dues?"

Dufresne came to a stark conclusion: no negotiated or isolated settlement of the strike was possible. After a 6 1/2 hour meeting in which they were told Dufresne's findings, the strikers thought it was worth a battle, and five cars were overturned and burned outside the plant. About 1,400 strikers were off the job, and showed no signs of coming in. Louis Lefebvre, president of the 200,000-member Quebec Federation of Labor, called for a take-over of the factory by the workers of the province. Didn't intervene. Labor Minister Cournoyer kept saying that he didn't want to involve in the process of "over negotiation," but public pressure left him little

choice. He set up a parliamentary commission to hear both sides at the strike, and discovered that they were further apart than ever before. Under the threat of intervention, the union and management sat down once more, but late in November broke off talks in an atmosphere of bitterness and frustration.

Cournoyer was left to draw up his own proposal for a tentative agreement and present it to both sides in a final desperate attempt to find a settlement.

"Here I am, always doing the dirtiest jobs in the government," he remarked as I sat in his office one afternoon watching him wearily sift through a pile of documents on his desk. "I gradually have to tell them whether the thing should be on 11-inch or 14-inch paper. You see how I'm going to spend my weekend? Writing out that damned contract." Long hand. If I don't do it myself, they [the parties] just aren't interested."

While the politicians were finally being forced into action, the strikers those that were left, had turned the situation on its way of life. "There's one thing the company never anticipated in dragging the strike on so long," says union militant André Choquette, "that the guys would get to know each other."

Choquette sits at a heavy table with half a dozen buddies, life at a special case. He has been charged with subterfuge, assault and agitation, and his firing is one of the union's blackest secrets.

"The way the plant was run," he says, "you never met anyone. You just sat at your corner. Now we know who's who, and when we get back inside we'll be organized. Look, I've got eight years' experience at United. How many years have you got, Marcel? Sixteen? Marcel's got 16. And here's a guy 35. The guys who are winning in work are rookies. They're as fast as lightning. But when we get back, if they want to look assets they'll be taking our assets."

Whatever happened, I wondered, to the guy who got slatted by the axe on opening day?

"Oh, Fougère. Renald Fougère. He was going to work," says Marcel with a smile. "Yup, he was going to work," but we talked to him and in the end he found another job."

I phoned Fougère. "United Aircraft? I don't want to talk about it. Tell you, I'm fed up with it." No, he doesn't think his striker was ever persecuted; yes, he's still waiting for compensation. No, he won't ever go back there, and he's found a nice steady job at Radio-Canada. Far from it, he says, thank you very much, good-bye. Adieu. ☺



How the forest grows...



## How the forest grows

On a warm summer day the leaves of a large tree can suck up from its roots as much as two to three hundred gallons of water. The *vertical artery*, and growth the placed surface of a tree is one of the basic elements of growth in the forests.

Trees for all their great bulk and strength, can be up to 90% water. Leaves draw in carbon and oxygen from the atmosphere. Roots get potassium, nitrogen and other minerals from the soil. Water and sap run upward and downward in the same branches of the tree through bundles of tubes that are like tiny chambered vessels. They distribute nutrients where they are needed, and that's the forest grows.

Water is the essential element here. The biggest trees in Canada grow on the west coast where there is abundant rainfall and mild temperatures. In the interior of the continent, where there is less rainfall and where severe winters freeze the water in the soil so that it is not available to trees over long periods, trees are smaller in size.

Men and nature work together to produce forest growth. Natural re-seeding is given every encouragement in forests managed by MacMillan Bloedel as this form of regeneration is a natural and efficient means of bringing in a new forest crop. However, where contact is allowed to re-stock seedlings are planted by hand - many millions of them since the programme started in 1938.

This concentration on growing trees is based on man's need for more and more products created from trees and their fibres. Some materials, such as certain plastics, are by-products of processes in which gas and as these fossil fuels are exhausted they can never be replaced these metals will also become scarce in the years ahead because there is no way to create new ones that so long as we

have water, soil and light we can grow trees to satisfy our needs for wood and wood fibres, for building materials, paper, packaging, forest chemicals and sources of other products. And these growing forests will produce and in vigorous health are so valuable for recreation and as wildlife habitats, through their long growth cycle. They will help hold and conserve the lakes and water courses on which both man and wildlife depend.

The study of trees is a major science in itself and every day botanists, true physiologists, ichthyologists and other scientists are learning new things about the growth and functioning of trees, the conditions that make them healthy or sick, how they age and finally die. At MacMillan Bloedel we feel that one of the most important parts of our role as forest managers is the improved growth of forests entrusted to our care. Because all Canadians share the benefits of the forests, we believe you will be interested in this report on the way the coniferous forests grow and flourish in the west coast.

## So the forest grows

The story of forest growth begins with the soil which has been accumulating over the centuries through the action of plants and weather. In pre-history primitive plant forms were in which fastened themselves to rock surfaces and slowly broke them down to small particles. Then mosses and ferns developed and when they died they added humus to the earth's crust. The weather played its part. The action of ice, rain, heat and cold created more soil particles from solid rock. When larger plants evolved their roots pierced cracks and crevices and continued the age old process of breaking up rocks and turning them to soil. Then if water was present and light grew plants such as our northern conifers grew and established vast for-

ests that are a living community of inter-dependent life forms: animals and vegetable. Trees create thick masses of humus that are an essential part of the forest's growth. Leaves, bark, lichens, cones and dead trees fall in the ground and decay into organic matter that returns minerals to the soil. Like a great sponge, this humus retains moisture even in the heat of summer.

Trees which we know today did not start until about 300 million years ago. About that time the vascular cambium evolved and made possible the strong trunks plants we call trees. Before that, plants grew to about 2 metres in height and they were flimsy, soft, short-lived and weak.

The vascular cambium is a thin film just one cell thick inside the bark of a tree. On its outer side it develops green bark cells. These newly formed cells carry food from the leaves to the rest of the tree. Outside the green bark, or phloem, new bark cells are produced by a cork cambium to form a protective shield. On the vascular cambium's inner side the sapwood is developed that transports water and sap to the leaves for the manufacture of food. Each year the cambium develops a new layer of sapwood on the outside of the previous year's layer. The result are the familiar rings we see in the cross-section of a tree: a graphic record of each year's growth.

Old sapwood dies and becomes heartwood. Therefore most of the wood in dead and old trees is water layers are alive. Still the dead cells of old wood retain their structural strength and trees can so many times stand for centuries in the face of great stress from wind and weather. It is the quality of strength that has made wood one of man's most important building materials.

A tree with its cambium layer intact but with its green or inner bark removed is a ring around its trunk will eventually die. Water coming down from the leaves

with its mass of carbohydrates created by the process of photosynthesis, won't get through the bark in the circulation system caused by the removal of the ring of inner bark. The roots without these carbohydrates, lose their ability to grow and in time the tree will die from lack of minerals and nitrogen from the soil.

A cross-section of a tree trunk provides an excellent illustration of the movement of water within the plant's structure. The early wood, made by the tree in spring, reveals wood cells that are much larger than those made in summer. This is because they must carry more water in spring for developing leaves, shoots and flowers than they do in summer. The lighter and darker shadows of annual growth rings result from the difference in cell size.



Each of the five principal components of the tree trunk has its own special function. The bark (1) is a protective layer. On some trees it is a more skin, but on others, including the Douglas fir, it may be as much as a foot thick. This outer bark is being produced continually by the cork cambium.

The inner bark or phloem (2) is a spongy layer which stores food manufactured in the leaves and transports it to the other parts of the tree.

The vascular cambium layer (3), if it could be detached from the bark and the wood

Crepe. The common horsetail (*Equisetum arvense*) found in damp areas throughout B.C. is a monstrous descendant of plants of the Paleozoic age when forests consisted of huge club mosses, ferns and horsetails, but no trees. All these plants reproduce by spores and they lack a vascular cambium.

Right: Mosses and lichens may seem insignificant when seen among trees but they are part of the forest's vegetation life cycle. Mosses such as the ones hanging from their roots are found throughout the coastal zone forests and they are one of the signs foresters read when assessing the biological, geological and climatic conditions of a forest locality. This particular moss (*Hylocomium splendens*), sometimes called "Old Man's Beard", is an abundant example.

would be almost as useful because it is truly one cell thick. It is not in the tree's interest to continuously produce wood as xylem cells on its inner face and phloem cells on its outer side.

Sapwood (4) is the wood which carries water and dissolved mineral up the tree. The heartwood (5), while dead, gives the tree its strength and rigidity. If the weather is, it soon dries and leaves the tree hollow. As long as it is sealed off from the air by being inside the outside it gives the tree its firm backbone.



The tree reveals its own life history through its annual growth rings.

Young immature stage: Tree is first growing and developing on its own, perhaps or sharing dominance with other trees. It is making rapid growth.

Older mature stage: Growth is slowing down, partly because of age but mostly because nearby trees are competing with it for water, nutrients and crown space.

Now there was a long period of slow growth when the tree faced strong competition from its neighbours.

The tree has regained its dominant position. There is less competition from neighbouring trees and it is now growing rapidly. Over maturity is setting in and the tree is vulnerable to disease and insects.





The outer layer of a needle is a waxy film which helps protect the tree from loss of moisture in dry weather. The surface of the needle is covered with pores, called stomata, which help in the transpiration of excess moisture, but if the tree is not actively feeding by photosynthesis the pores will close to conserve moisture. Just under the surface is the layer of green chlorophyll which captures the energy of the sun and uses it to create food.



Tree roots have three jobs to do. They are the principal source of water, they absorb essential minerals, and they are the tree's anchor, holding it erect despite the buffeting of gales. Larger trees, such as pines, produce a taproot that develops before the side roots. In some species, such as fir, the taproot disappears as the tree matures. When felled, even pine young trees may be able to rise the roots are well developed. If they are not, the maturing tree will not be well anchored and will be vulnerable to destruction by winds.

The amazing ability of the vascular system to build the structure of the tree depends on a steady supply of food during the growing season. The main sources of food — roots and leaves — work in a delicately balanced co-ordination to collect various forms of raw substance from the soil and from the air and combine these elements into sugars and starches that feed the vascular system.

Roots draw in water, the principal component of a tree's bulk, and soil minerals. To make materials soluble for transport up through the wood as sap, root tips secrete droplets of acid which dissolve mineral elements before they are drawn into the tree's system.

While this is going on, the leaves, the other half of this remarkable food factory, are at work.

The needles of a conifer tree are its leaves and they function in the same way as the broad, flat leaves of deciduous trees. Through the miracle of photosynthesis (putting together with light) leaves, with energy from the sun, take carbon dioxide from the air and combine it with water and minerals from the roots to make sugars and starches which supply the tree with food. An important by-product of this process for man is oxygen.

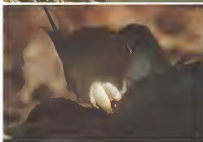
The flowers of forest trees, as in other plants, are their reproductive organs. Flowers produce and exchange pollen with those of nearby trees of the same species and the fruits which result from pollination and fertilisation contain the seed for new trees.

Most trees have separate flowers for each sex — some for pollen, others for ovules. The jaw and the juniper have separate trees with all-male or all-female flowers but the others generally have both types of flowers on every tree. However, grasses are predominantly outcrossed between male and female flowers of different trees.



This is a branch of a Douglas fir. Standing upright at the end is a female strobilus. Eventually it will become a seed cone. Hanging from the underside of the branch are male or pollen cones. These pollen cones provide the eggs in female cones of another tree.

The bottom photo shows strobili of a Douglas fir almost ready to be dropped. These strobili will fall in September, some 17 months after cone development was started in April of the previous year. The three spikes on the cone branch are typical of the Douglas fir.



Conifers are known as gymnosperms (from the Greek "gymnos" meaning naked and "sperm" meaning seeds). The naked seeds develop on the base of the scales of the cone and, at maturity, the cones open and shed their seeds to be scattered in the wind. Some pine cones require heat to open.

The reproductive cycle — from bud, strobilus, pollination, seed cone formation to the release of the seed — takes varying lengths of time depending on species and growing conditions. Studies in British Columbia have shown that the entire reproduction cycle of the Douglas fir spans over 17 months, starting with buds visible in April. The vegetative buds develop into shoots during the following two weeks. Early in this period the fission of new buds is determined by vegetative or male or female strobili. Pollination of the female strobili does not occur until the following April and the mature seeds are shed in the fall of the same year. Some conifers, the pines for example, require an additional year for the seed to mature.

The fruit of a tree — whether pine cone, berry or wood case — has a single purpose: to carry the seed away from the parent tree to a site where it can take root and start a new tree.

Birds, mammals and the elements cooperate in nature's seed disposal process. Thousands of broadleaf species have their seeds distributed by birds which feed on the tree's berries. Conifers get help from the wind. Most seeds of the Douglas fir fall within 1,000 feet of the parent tree but some are blown far away by the wind for a mile or more. Squirrels, field mice and other small birds hoard seed for the winter and inevitably lose some of them so that they are in effect planted.

Most flowers and opens in the autumn. The cone or seed is dormant during the winter. This is well genuinely after the winter cold has subsided and is broken as dormancy.

When speaking of conifers, it is not strictly correct to speak of flowers. Their male and female organs are more appropriately called strobili. The female strobili are usually on the upper or outer branches of the tree and stand upright during pollination. Male strobili are often hanging downward from the branch when pollen is released.

Essentially, the female strobilus of the majority of B.C. conifers develops and hardens into a cone, and then is the distinguishing feature of most conifers.

Some conifers, pines for example, have fleshy strobili called "berries". In the confusion forest, wind is the primary statement of pollination rather than bees or other insects. The male strobili produce a copious amount of pollen of which only a portion reaches the receptive female strobil.

It is a fact that plants make their greatest effort to reproduce when their life is

in danger through old age or lack of nutrition. After a summer when water was in short supply flowers and fruit crops tend to be large. In conifers such heavy seed production has been called mast crops. They may arise from a number of causes such as root diseases, unusual drought or damage to a tree's translocation system which moves necessary elements in various parts of the plant.

The fruit of a tree bears the seed. On the broadleaf tree it is the female part of the flower, the ovary with the ovule inside, fertilised and grown to represent. The ovule becomes the seed, the ovary an covering. For example, in a peach, the shell of the stone is the ovary, the kernel the ovule. The fleshy covering around it is a development of the ovary just below it.

Conifers are different. The fruit of the conifer is usually a woody cone but may be fleshy as in the juniper or yew.



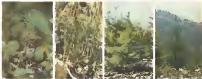
Our key to the miracle of tree growth is the succinate organ which is generated by the leading bud on a tree's meristem, that is, the one farthest from the roots. Above this bud is the shoot. Therefore, when a flow from the bud bud or back beneath it on the top, it reduces shoot growth and refines more sap for the vigorous development of the leader. If the tip is broken off or eaten by deer, its strength is softened by the next bud below the stem which becomes the new leader.

In a forest attended by man, crowded conditions and nature's competition frequently bring slower growth in trees which must fight for space, sunlight and nutrients. A cross-section of a tree from such a stand will show annual rings becoming smaller and smaller as the tree gets older, especially when the tree passes its prime which, in the case of conifers in British Columbia may range anywhere from 80 to 200 years. MacMillan Boreal has found that its managed forests show more consistent annual growth rates.

Under modern technology, trees are cropped with the same regularity as food crops, though the cycle is much longer. For example, a Douglas fir at 5 years of age is the equivalent in maturity to a corn crop 5 days after germination. The farmer who sows a row can put out fairly to be sown at harvest time, while the planter must wait off many crops from the same land in a lifetime. A Douglas fir will mature in about 50 years. You can harvest ears of corn in about 50 days after seed germination.

A 50-year-old Douglas fir in its prime, having reached 100 feet in height, can add 10 cubic feet of wood in a single growing season, 3 feet in height and 14 inches in diameter 4½ feet above ground level.

Left—rain forest. Right—dry belt. Growing conditions on central B.C. can change within a few hundred meters. In that distance, a rain forest with its ferns, mosses, grapes and hemlocks can give way to dry belt forests marked by a predominance of Douglas fir interspersed with arbutus and other species which require more light but less moisture.



Above: As a new forest springs in life, the young seedlings are sheltered by a professor of tree biology and its growth is slow as the young plant develops its root system. When roots are well established, there is a spurt in growth and the new forest overrules the old one and seeds that survived its early years.



Improved studies of trees are being developed by selecting the best trees and using them as parents in controlled breeding. There is an agency known as the Tree Improvement Board, started in 1955 as an association of government and industry scientists. MacMillan Boreal foresters play an active part in this organization which has selected more than 600 Douglas fir "plus" trees — trees which appear to be superior to their neighbours in growth and form.

In an area near Nanaimo a "bank" of trees of known origin has been established by means of rooted or grafted cuttings. The resulting plants are precisely the same as their parents and represent "clones".

In some special experiments, clones are fertilized with pollen from one other selected plus tree. First, all male cones are picked off to eliminate any possibility of self-fertilization and a paper bag is fastened over the plant. Pollen is injected with a hypodermic needle and the needle hole is plugged so the bag excludes the entry of airborne pollen from any other source.

Top photos: The female catkins of these trees, descendants of superior parent trees, are enclosed in paper bags to prevent pollination from inferior trees. Foresters will use a hypodermic needle to pollinate the catkins with pollen collected from superior trees. The resulting seeds should produce a new crop of superior trees.

Center left: This tree is the kind foresters seek out as parent trees. Strong and well-branched, it is superior to its neighbours.

Center right: M.B. foresters try to give trees the best possible growing conditions. But in nature, things can be rough and trees work an indomitable urge to survive will adapt to hardships. In wet-weather forests the forest floor is often covered in a depth of several feet with fallen logs. These visions of ancient fires or old age contribute rich sources of decaying humus in which seeds can germinate and grow. Later the upper rows of the young trees, such as those shown here, contribute the more iron and plant ash out the soil below. In some cases when the nurse tree has died away completely, the surviving tree stands on its upper roots as though on stilts.

Bottom photos: These two stands of trees are the same age. The stand on the left has grown under natural conditions and each tree has had to compete with its neighbours for light and nutrients. The stand on the right has been thinned by M.B.'s forestry crew. Each tree has just one specimen growth because it has been selected ideal forest and light conditions.



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MB is a company harvesting a renewable resource as illustrated in this booklet. The trees it cuts in managed forests are replanted so that the resource is not diminished, yet the products manufactured in the Company's plants are sold at home and abroad to earn millions of dollars in profits for its employees, further millions in taxes and other benefits for all levels of government, and foreign exchange that fuels the entire Canadian economy. The Company's sales last year were well over a billion dollars and about 80% of

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we will be handicapped to maintain employment at present levels.

Canadians have the technology to grow and harvest the finest forests in the world. For itself, MB hopes to expand the contribution it makes to the economies of British Columbia and of Canada, but this will depend on a large extent, on the cost of getting the raw materials out of the forests, converting them and getting them into the hands of our customers. If governments and industry can work together to keep these costs under control, we can continue to compete with the best.

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## The square socialist

Part Two: Tommy Douglas in power

BY HEATHER ROBERTSON

On June 25 1944, the CCF won a landslide victory in the Saskatchewan provincial election, taking 43 of the 52 seats in the legislature. The victory was a surprise to no one except the Liberals. "I thought world war," said the new premier, Tommy Douglas. "I didn't think we'd have the extraordinary majority we have. We won seats we had no business winning seats in which we just got somebody to run so we'd have a claim on the ballot. And we won them!" The victory was stupor.

"People thought the world was coming to an end," says Tommy, "that this was the beginning of a Communist revolution and we were going to wreck the province, run the farmers, repudiate all our debts. Imperial Oil were doing some small amount of drilling in Saskatchewan. They just picked up their drilling rigs and went home."

The fear was the result of a merciless Liberal scare campaign designed by the Liberals to inflame the deep racial and religious tensions in Saskatchewan. "People were told they would lose their farms," says Tommy, "that we would

beat down the churches, nationalize all the life stores, take over the banks, shops, grocers, filling stations. They'd say that Douglas beat his dog to death, that M. J. Coldwell's real name was Goldberg and that he was an English Jew — there was a good deal of anti-Semitism in some parts of the Prairies — that it was a secret Communist, that we were all a dangerous bunch of radicals, taking our money and philosophy from Russia, and that we were going to bring the Russian system here. Imagine what that did to several Europeans in Saskatchewan, people who had fled from Communist persecution. Of course they were frightened."

After 18 years of Liberal unrelenting rule, the voters had become shock-proof. "I remember a meeting in Saskatoon, Sask.," goes Tommy. "There was a woman in the crowd with three small children tagging at her skirts. 'They say on the radio that you're going to socialize the children,' she said. 'Is that true?' The speaker assured her it was totally false. 'I thought it was too good to be true,' she said."

But the Red scare had quietly pushed the CCF to the right. The midsize inclusion of the 1933 Reginald Manly — including pledges to nationalize money, key industries and land — was discreetly dropped and by 1944 the word "socialism" had disappeared from CCF campaign literature. The socialist government the Saskatchewan voters elected as jubilantly on June 25 1944 was dedicated to the familiar conservative virtues of common sense and honest parliament.

"The first thing we did was to cut the cabinet ministers' salaries," says Tommy. "I think it was probably the stupidest thing we ever did. We cut out the Lieutenant Governors' residence and a lot of things of that sort. There were a lot of big cars, Buicks and so on, and we put them all up for auction. And we got rid of the chauffeurs." As premier Tommy earned \$6,900 and the cabinet members made \$5,000. Tommy laid down the law at the first cabinet meeting.

Heather Robertson is a contributing editor of Maclean's and the author of several books on western Canada.

## As soon as the CCF took power Canadian banks foreclosed on a \$19-million loan taken out to buy seed for farmers

ing. "We'll forgive you for making mistakes, but if you start getting your finger into the kitty you're in!"

Money, or the lack of it, quickly became an obsession with the new CCF regime. The CCF had rediscovered the financial disaster that depression, they had not comprehended the extent of the financial chaos beguiled them by the liberals. "They owed the federal government money, hadn't been able to pay," says Douglas. "They owed the banks money, hadn't been able to pay. They had loans, borrowing money to build roads and schools. There was a little school in Astenburg that had been paid for twice in 40 years, now it was a wreck and they still owed the capital. They hadn't been able to pay their debts so they refinanced every loan at higher rates of interest, always higher rates of interest. One third of the total provincial revenue was going to pay interest charges."

Saskatchewan was \$238 million in debt in 1944. \$300 provincial bonds were going for \$83. The province was virtually bankrupt. Occupying a precarious middle-ground between Marx and big business the CCF was vulnerable to pressure and pressure from big business was forceful and immediate. A week after the CCF took office Canadian banks foreclosed on a \$19-million loan the government had taken to buy seed grain for farmers based on an old crop failure of 1937. "Nobody had believed in it for six years," says Tomney. "As soon as we took office the banks wanted their money." Saskatchewan refused to pay. Ottawa sued in the Supreme Court and won. The threat was clear — if the CCF made any attempt to socialize private enterprise in Saskatchewan, the banks would foreclose, drive the province into bankruptcy and force the collapse of the Tommy Douglas government.

"You are not built in a land of socialism as a act of capitalism," said Tomney in the Throne speech of 1944.

To prop up the economy the government instantly bought up Saskatchewan bonds and urged everyone else to do the same. Provincial Treasurer Clarence Fries announced on the radio that he had personally borrowed \$50,000 from the bank to invest in Saskatchewan bonds. Within three years the bonds were up to \$136. Ten percent of the provincial budget was set aside to pay off the \$238-million debt. "Once the financial matters here, there was a choice to make money, they didn't care if we were CCF or Liberal," says Douglas.

Imperial Oil crowded back offering a lot of \$20 million a year (two-thirds of the Saskatchewan budget) for an oil monopoly in the province. "I remember what I said to Imperial Oil," says Tomney. "Get lost."

In spite of its poverty the CCF embarked on one of the most ambitious and progressive legislative programs this country has ever seen, while the far-sightedness of the legislature opened on October 14, 1944, the CCF presented 76 pieces of reform legislation, much of it unprecedented in Canada — compulsory health insurance, state auto insurance, crown corporations for electricity, air



and bus transportation and mineral gas, free medical care for the old and sick, mental patients, consolidation of rural schools, making bonds and producer co-ops and a network of regulations through which the government established greater control over the economy than was known anywhere else in Canada. The CCF had only one way to pay for its reform program — "tax." "We told people," says Tomney, "if you're going to build schools or hospitals or roads, you're going to pay for it. Now?"

In Saskatchewan socialism was not so much a matter of principle as of survival. In a bankrupt province, state monopoly was the easiest way the government could earn money. The CCF's abhorrence of debt reflected Tomney's own attitude to money. "I never brought anything in my life except a loan that I didn't pay cash for and I never had an easy moment until I had paid it off." He was more conservative about money than Alberta Social Credit premier Bill Abernethy and his caucus matched exactly the penny-pinching conservatism of the rural Saskatchewan voters. "We made reforms," he confesses. "Our legislative program seems mundane now, but at

the time it was almost revolutionary. If I had to do it all over again I'd slow the pace down somewhat, do half the first four years and save the rest for the next four. It seems incredible now that people would complain about paying less dollars a year for hospital care, but all kinds of people were in. Why should they pay? They'd never been sick a day in their lives."

The entrenched conservatism of the Saskatchewan public was a shock to the CCF. In 1946 the legislature was reduced to 32 seats. It was still a comfortable majority but the revolt brought home the irony of democratic socialism — you can only go as far as the people will let you. CCF policies such as municipal reform, which were potential peasant hospitals were quickly abandoned, such as references to socialism had been dumped from the platform in the Thirties, and CCF literature began to give greater emphasis to bread-and-butter programs such as roads, schools and social electrification.

Having set in motion all the reforms it promised during the Depression, the CCF recoiled, aware in the notion that it had created the world anew. At a time when the party might have moved onto a basic restructuring of Saskatchewan society it opted for accommodation. It would not create a classless society but rather would simply all classes by being in the middle-of-the-road — a party that proudly advertised itself as one which "stands with the one."

"Douglas never was a socialist," says one old party member. "There wasn't a socialist in the cabinet."

Douglas crystallized instead what he liked to call "managed capitalism." A limited enterprise system in which private business was tempered by co-ops and state ownership was confined to key monopolies. The CCF made only token gestures to stabilize agriculture, which made up almost 90% of the province's wealth when the government took office, and, with the exception of mineral gas did not establish control over the development of natural resources. Imperial Oil came back, along with other multinational corporations, and until 1973 produced an oil and poisons oil monopoly revival. "I don't think any party could win an election after drilling 17 dry holes at \$100,000 a piece," says J. H. Breckelbank, a Douglas cabinet minister who managed to win every election he contested. Faced by the big game men in Canada and an economy periodically impoverished by agricultural depression, Tomney solemnly began to court

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## In the 1950s, fear of the Red smear made the CCF defensive and it carefully suppressed any radical new ideas

assisted by outside corporations.

"We are glad to have you in our midst!" he told a convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in June, 1954. "We need the cooperation the understanding of the industrialists of the other parts of Canada of the financial and investment houses. Because after all, we are not in competition; we are members of a family. I believe that increasingly industry will begin to look toward the west as a very appropriate place in which to locate some of its business plants."

Tomyntz stomped the rubber chukkas direct toward the Moose and Lorne and Ellis that "Saskatchewan is on the march to keep its pace with destiny." Was that the old Tommy, this new, self-organizational member of conservative propaganda racket off production assistance, baring people with headlines that, thanks to the CCF, Utopia had been achieved? "My father had him," says a Saskatchewaner who "file looked of him."

Self-righteousness made the CCF vulnerable to embarrassment. A government-owned shoe factory and workers' mill in Moose Jaw went broke. Ross Thatcher, CCF MP for Moose Jaw, noted as Tomyntz's secretary, quit to join the Liberals, and in 1960 Clarence Foss, bragging openly about his wealth on the stock market, retired on his personal fortune in Saskatchewan's petroleum fields. All events were blown into major scandals. This was the time of the Cold War, the McCarthy witch-hunt, the Rosenberg spy trial. Seal of

the Red smear made the CCF defensive. Party conventions, designed to set policy, were carefully orchestrated to suppress or ignore controversial resolutions and the grass roots petition structure which had built the CCF was turned into a massive vote getting machine in which women continued to occupy the sternal positions of cake-bakers and money-raiser. The government ran on its record: the 1952 "Program for Progress" became a "Program for Prosperity" in 1956. People accustomed to legislative and senate political debate were given a CCF propaganda comic book, voters who, as the Thistles had been reading Shaw and Jack London and Hemingway were handed Tomyntz's speeches. Tomyntz started doing late commercials for his insurance.

"Progressing with the province in step with the ever-changing west is radio station CKRM," he broadcast in 1954 over radio station CKRM. "Serving with two employees in 1938, this radio station now has 40 employees and is one of the most popular radio stations in our province. It is gratifying to see this radio station keeping pace with the growth of our province."

"Listening to Tomyntz the seats never got hard," observes a Saskatchewan farm woman, "but he seemed to lack the dignity of his position."

Tomyntz's inflated rhetoric opened a serious credibility gap. Not only did the government take credit for an agricultural boom over which it had little influence, but it became clear to the taxpayer that the much-touted reforms for which the CCF prided itself on the back

work went paid for by themselves. A quiet revival of CCF popular support became obvious as early as May, 1957, when Tomyntz, the old bull of the CCF, nobly challenged against Liberal Ross Thatcher to debate the record of Saskatchewan's crown corporation. The debate took place in the corner city hall at Moosehead, Sask., and the whole province was listening.

"Overcast skies and intermittent sun have discouraged parties and travel to a certain extent," the radio announcer whippers into his microphone over the roar of 1,200 people, "however a bright but terse holiday spirit pervades and the hall has been filled to capacity." It sounds like a boring match. Hundreds of people have lined up for hours to get a view in the Moosehead hall, hundreds more are sitting on trees perched on the grass around the hall listening over loud speakers. "Thousands of residents of the province are joining to over the radio network to listen to what has been billed as the debate of the year, the battle of the giants..." continues the announcer. Every politician present is greeted with a roar and a stamping of feet. These hours later the decision is unanimous: "Tomyntz sure as hell didn't win that one!" shouts a columnist colleague. Tomyntz declined bravely but he was on the defensive, wouldn't let be failed to defend the principle of state ownership, but commentators were unimpressed by Thatcher's plan for private investment. So sympathetic had the CCF become to private enterprise that voters began to feel they might as well have the old thing.

"I campaigned for our CCF candidates in the 1957 and 1958 federal elections," reflects Tomyntz. "People would come up after a meeting in droves and say 'Tomyntz, it was good of you to come and we'll vote for you in the provincial election, but we've got to vote for Dufferin'!" The Conservatives took all but one federal seat in Saskatchewan in 1958. Obviously the CCF was not getting through to people what democratic socialism was all about.

"No, that's right," says Tomyntz "Of course we weren't!"

The CCF offered honest, efficient, progressive government; good government; its policies were so sensible that many were picked up by Ontario and other provinces and transformed the Canadian social structure. But a planned economy is not necessarily a socialist economy. Many of the reforms were merely administrative. School consolidation, for instance, created

"I find nothing more relaxing than the Bermuda sun and water"

Photo: Rick O'Neil



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Chris Wiggins  
Dan MacDonald, Anne Buißer

### Feb. 11

Caesar and Cleopatra by  
**GEORGE BERNARD SHAW**,  
with Gust Knapp and  
Toby Tarrow

### Feb. 18

Design for Living by  
**NOEL COWARD**,  
with Chris Wiggins  
Joseph Shaw  
Lynne Gorman, Budd Knapp

### Feb. 25

The Philanthropist by  
**CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON**,  
with Ron Hamman,  
Joseph Shaw,  
Danne Barrington

8:03-10 p.m.



## In 1960, Tommy went to the Commons, which he once called "an old men's home"

newer and larger schools but it also housed the decline of hundreds of small villages, strengthened the power of university school boards and failed to provide Saskatchewan children with a more enlightened education than that afforded in other provinces. A large bureaucracy was created to run the welfare state, since the old servants were better paid than most Saskatchewan teachers, they became an elite class which were unimpressed itself between the government and the people.

The CCF's weaknesses, like its attempts, reflected Tommy's own personality. Up close, out of the spotlight, Douglas is surprisingly stiff and awkward, solitary, aloof, suspicious of strangers, a pain, worried man in a well-pressed expensive suit who looks, as Bruce Macdonald wrote in 1948, like the resident of a well-known British club. His smile reaches on to his bright, too friendly, yet his blue-blue eyes are cold, guarded. The ingratiating "Tommy" image is a facade, an actor's mask, revealing a man of formidable confidence, being a man of enormous energy, a man of strong loyalties and sudden rages controlled by iron willful discipline. Douglas is a Christian soldier armed with the moral indignation and out of a Cromwell, he has the conviction of the righteous and the equity.

A pragmatic, brainy man, Tommy was eloquent with ideologies and theoretical debate and quick to back out problems for which he had no immediate solution. Gifted with a photographic memory (Bruce Knowlton made money at Brandon College by using Tommy's ability to read a five-foot editorial twice and reproduce it word for word), Tommy picked up and discarded fashionable economic theories with bewildering speed, with an exaggerated respect for expertise, he turned to ideology to bring about political reform and, spurred by a blind faith in growth economies, went during after the very commitments the CCF had originally pledged to eradicate, the rank was what people in Saskatchewan call "spineless socialism," socialism for the rich, a tax shield game without the pain. In fact, the CCF took almost maximum pleasure in Saskatchewan's recurrent depression. During that financial crisis on the Liberal and deliberately perpetuating the image of the poor farmer on which their political support had been founded in the Depression. A politician to the core, Douglas was a man of whom it was said to Tommy and of his anti-fair federal Liberal sup-

portive minister Jimmy Gardiner "he was a man that had one passion and that was power."

In 1960, Tommy declared that the Regina Manifesto had come true: laissez-faire capitalism had been established in Saskatchewan. He went to Ottawa to lead the New Democratic Party in the House of Commons, the place he had once been only dismissed as "an old men's home." In 1935, in the next Saskatchewan election the CCF was defeated by Thatcher's Liberals on a free enterprise platform.

The CCF-NDP has been in power in Saskatchewan for 30 years, a longevity interrupted only by what the tabloid dailies on the seven last years of Liberal interregnum between 1964 and 1971. It is no longer the party of the "little man," the persecuted and persecuted, it is the multi-billionaire. In this day, the New Jerusalem Saskatchewan, a province of banks and beer parlors where the CCF is the biggest private landlord and the only companies are owned by Haskett, where the family farm is still the cornerstone of the economy and oil or gas industry is in the hands of private enterprise, where the co-ops sell the same cornflakes at higher prices than independent grocers, where the average income is still below the national average and where 10,000 people a year find themselves out of work.

There is little evidence of socialism in Saskatchewan. It is just a time lag, or has the socialism been perverted into what independent M.L.A. Keith Richards, private member in the assembly, Waffle movement, which split from the NDP last year calls "a Muskogean King administration," a conservative political machine which has achieved the conservative power of a single party capitalist state?

Tommy's own assessment of his achievements is very modest. "I think we established the idea, for people who work on farms and in small businesses and in labouring jobs, that on a certain percentage of our share side, I think we managed to sell the idea that there are things you can't do individually that you can do collectively."

"Tommy is a myth," says Richards "but I'm a scientific socialist myself. Without making any assumptions or views. There are prime realizations in what he did but he was of his time and he provided the framework on which the socialism of the Seventies can be built."

This is the second of two articles by  
Maurice Robertson on Tommy Douglas

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# Billy Jack farm

On a 300-acre Ontario commune, George Bullied saves incorrigibles

BY MICHAEL POSNER

**T**he Royal Canadian Legion Hall in Rainy, Ontario, is a squat, unimpressive building of grey brick and cement. It winds out to the sidewalk like a proud, fawning piece of Fifth Avenue and at night, under the glare of the high standards, the hall taken on the look of an anatomical table. Inside, flitting portraits of Her Majesty and Prince Philip—at least 15 years out of date—hang high on the wall, beyond the reach of fidgeting vandals.

It was in this hall on a warm autumn evening that the students and staff of Twin Valley High School gathered to prove a point. They wanted to show the community that contrary to the popularly held belief people from Twin Valley weren't dopeheads, nor were they jerks, freaks or freeloading bums. And they'd invited the whole town to come and join them in a Ballroom square dance, hoping that if everyone sang and drank and cooed-together they might learn to love one another. Long wooden tables, the kind that can be dismantled in 20 minutes, had been set up to accommodate the guests. At the center of the tables stood glass bottles of draft beer, carefully picked and arranged during Twin Valley's morning art class.

In the kitchen, Twin Valley women prepared food and drinks. They worked quickly, taking little notice of the squorily pointed lid of the usual hand table helps, the ladies of the Legion's Women's Auxiliary Vol. 1914, Ethel Helen and Bernice. They were amazed that men with the moral codes of south-western Ontario, and they being to women worlds apart from the ones who worked the kitchen that night.

At precisely 8:45 p.m., as what one might expect would be the clockwork, two men already signaled the beginning of the dance by opening the bar. Their one customer was an 11-year-old Twin Valley student who less than a year ago had stood before a judge, not many inches away from receiving a term for break, entry and theft. The boy ended two quarters for a beer, carried it to the recep-

tion of the long tables, and took a slow sip. The student didn't have to taste to face the double doors that led into the hall. He sat staring at them, a host urge nearly waiting for his guests.

Twin Valley High School may be the most typical high school in the province. Located on a 300-acre communal farm in Ontario's "Golden Triangle," some five miles from the village of Wardsville, it is the first high school—commenced over to be sponsored by the province's Ministry of Colleges and Universities. Its curriculum includes not only English, math and the other standards, but courses in commercial living, farming, cooking and grade-one construction. Its half dozen teachers are paid only \$40 a month, as 35 students include former drug addicts, truiflers, alcoholics and petty criminals who have been bounced across the country from jail to hospital to welfare agency. Their average IQ is 125.

Before they came here—referred by the courts and various social service agencies as well as their own peer group—the students were thought untreatable by all available expertise—social work-offs. But a man named George Bullied founded Twin Valley three years ago and he has somehow managed to prove the social workers can be wrong. His students are no longer sedates or pushers of others, rather they are young people with an earnest desire to learn their subjects and resources. However kindred their might be, they are, in short, nice kids. To look at them and talk with them, you would never think they were ever anything other than average, middle-class adolescents. Which, it turns out, they once were.

Bullied, 47, Twin Valley's founder and driving force, arrived late for the dance. His appearance seemed named to let his guests get comfortable, perhaps have a few drinks. Unfortunately, when he arrived, the music had already begun after the official starting time. There were only 25 people in the room who

were not from Twin Valley School. For Bullied, who had attracted a crowd of 200, the turnout was a disappointment. But he did as well as he could. He was familiar with the frustrations of a hard life. Reared amid the poverty of east-end Montreal, he is a victim of the D-Day invasion of Normandy, of Korea (44) and Korea (51), an army experimenter with LSD, a junkie, an alcoholic, a convict, a salesman, photographer, student lecturer, social worker, Christian, African, Irish Protestant. Along the way, he also found time to pick up a Bachelor of Arts degree.

In the spring of 1970, believing that the Greenwood drug rehabilitation program which he directed near Windsor, Ontario, had reached the end of its usefulness, the self-confessed "George of all trades, master of none" began looking for a piece of land he could shape to his own vision. What he had in mind was nothing less than a Canadian legend—a possession constantly legible by its own schools, fed by its own facts, housed by its own hands. He found 100 billy acres on the heart of Ontario's tobacco belt and, with his wife, Pat, his infant son, Adam, and eight delinquent teenagers, launched Twin Valley.

The first months, gradually, were the struggle. "Cold tears, dirty beds, bare and mud," he recalls. "Mid up to your ass." Neighboring farmers thought they were happier. Storekeepers sold them provisions with dirty looks. Money, which he extended loans on the highway and back with a sign of their own. An OPP cruise sat outside the property every night for months waiting for some unprovoked cry to begin. Twin George's colleagues at Wardsville's St. Clair College, where he taught once or twice a week and with which Twin Valley is affiliated, wondered whether this time George Bullied hadn't stretched an idea too far.

But four years later, despite his many vices and doubts, George is still present.

Michael Posner is assistant editor and writer for *Impetus* magazine.

## 50

"This is a community. Your car is my car; my food is yours; we work for each other. George wouldn't try to rip us off."

outly interpreted as dare. Take away government funds and you would effectively deprive Twin Valley of its means of support.

Twin Valley's substantial income, coupled with George's unseen cancer-care virus, has made the odd cynic at Queen's Park. There is a strange tilt toward Twin Valley by those who

haven't visited the school, and it is likely that alone this perception is a reason. Certainly, no one I met ever depicted George as being a leech, and in the time I spent there I saw no evidence whatsoever of wrongdoing. The mere suggestion evokes ridicule from Twin Valley residents. "Oh," they say sympathetically, "is a community. Your car is

my car, my food is your food, we work for each other. It's important that George or anyone else would try to rip us off." Indeed, the only real sign of uneasiness in George's house — larger, warmer and more comfortable than the dome dormitories shared by staff and students. To that disparity, Twin Valley people say, "He's entitled. After what he's done for us, he deserves it."

The Twin Valley staff also deserves credit. For their \$130, they narrowly put in an 18-hour day. There is little money, and most of them could be earning \$12,000 a year in the civil list, as art teacher Diane Paslow put it. "What we've got here, money can't touch."

The teaching staff remains at Twin Valley mostly because of a fierce loyalty to George. They share cramped quarters, cold water, spring mud and vast emotional crises after the other — but they remain. "Every day here is so rich, so intense, so meaningful," says history teacher Les Kerr. "But I wouldn't trade it for the world."

And yet, despite the fact that Twin Valley has very few facilities, students rarely stay more than a year. They work the monkeys off their backs and leave.

For the Legion dance George dressed with a sense of occasion: tartan necker, woollen tweener, pressed slacks, tailored cord-hair sport coat. His long, graying hair, curling at the neck, had been slicked back carefully with a wet comb. The rough edges of his full beard had been trimmed. His blue, black eyes shone with excitement.

After months of isolation, he felt ready to bring Twin Valley in from the cold, to become part of the wider community. This dance was their debut, the coming-out party, and nobody was more sensitive to its significance than George. He had devoted his entire morning before to the very subject, telling the kids that Twin Valley's self-sufficiency was, in fact, sufficient.

"Because a community impossible only to itself is a pretty narrow thing. And if we don't share with other people we have no right to ask them to share with us." The dance, he told them, would be a showcase for their talents, a chance to make new friends and win the hearts of "all those people who will think we're just kids and hippies."

One of those who showed up at the dance was Cindy, who is neither keen nor happy. Rather, she is reserved, self-free from epilepsy and has a severe facial disfigurement that dates back to her

birth. In search of affection, she has been raped four times, the last, the high point of her sad life, a spanking two weekends ago in Twin Valley.

Cindy asked me to dance to the Glines Miller tune the band was playing before the square-dancing begins. Her eyes, heavy with mascara, stared up at mine. "My uncle taught me how to dance," she said. "It only took him 15 minutes."

"He did a good job," I said. We were standing around the room in a sparse three-step rhythm to the precise rhythm of the Miller music.

"Don't my ankles?" she said tediously, thrusting her neck forward.

"Fine, perfect."

"Eyes shadow okay?"

"Looks okay to me."

"Wanna dance again?"

"Well, I think, you know, that a lot of other boys are going to want to dance with you too, and if they see you dancing only with me, then they're going to think mine is your thing to me, and that wouldn't be fair would it? To you or to them?"

"Okay," she said. "Wanna buy me a new one, color?"

"Certainly," I said, and for the first time that evening I had told the truth.

George Bullard moved through the low rows of empty tables, edging toward them, he knew, shaking hands. Then, walking purposefully to the Legion Hall stage, he took the microphone.

"Over are three minutes, will you?" This is the first opportunity we've had in sort of step out and get to know each other. We think we have a lot of things in common... and it's real joy to be able to share with you. So make tonight an introduction to Twin Valley, so we can share more with you in the days to come."

There was a light smattering of applause, and then a lip-synchronous response. "I never got too acquainted with George," he apologized. "But I met the young people. I learn them around a lot. Well, here's the night to get acquainted. So far, you're among the best behaved crowd we've ever had in this legion, and we hope to see more of you." Loud cheers and applause accompanied his departure from the stage.

The speeches were wasted. The big crowd, expectant and happy for, never arrived. Within, among the 30 or so who eventually turned up, there were no real managers, no one for the kids to impress. The challenge George had spoken of that morning was unnecessary. Their mutual confrontation had been postponed. The good people of Rodney and Wadsworth had failed to show up. In the end, George accepted that verdict philosophically — an evening among friends he reconsidered, would boost their con-

science for future similar outings.

Perhaps it was that sense of the occasion — the great feeling of release which comes when an exonerated is delivered — that gave the dance its irrepressible vitality. Or perhaps it was just the joy of dancing that night together, a communion of friends. This was their world, and perhaps only they could save it.

Whatever it was, the community of Twin Valley danced and laughed until the clock struck twelve, when square-dance caller Dave Mitchell called at

last: "Forward again and give a little bow. Forward again, that's all for now."

Tomorrow was Sunday and there was still much work to do. Next day was Monday and it would be back to school. Next week, though, or perhaps in a few months, they'd make another attempt to reach out and to such the people of Rodney. And they'd keep at it until that touch in some day returned. George Bullard doesn't give up easily; he's kept at it simply because he has to have things his own way, the only way. ☐

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# James Bond of West Vancouver

Soldier, painter, Mountie, spy, Captain Conrad Fulke Thomond O'Brien French may have been the model for Ian Fleming's fictional hero

BY WALTER STEWART

I see David Niven in the movie suit. He has the long, lean good looks the early Internet moviebuffs the quick intelligence phrase the easy movement even the right British accent. The role is perfect for him. He will play an Irish-Canadian aristocrat who has been in turn a member of the Royal North West Mounted Police, a soldier, war prisoner, spy, anti-de-espionage investigator, spy agent, painter, rancher, art teacher and philosopher. He will act the part of a man who may well have served as the model for the style — not the kilt — of Ian Fleming's fictional hero James Bond. But the twist is that this hero is real. He is Captain Conrad Fulke Thomond O'Brien French, Marquis de Castel-Thomond.

I came to know the captain by accident. During a visit to Banff, a young friend of mine took me, late at night, to see an enormous and locally famous log cabin — 60 feet to a side, two stories high, superbly crafted — which had according to my friend, been the home of a reliable model for James Bond. I wanted politely, but the next day I went to the Banff Archives, where the director, Marylou Stewart, unearthed old clippings from the time when Princess Margaret visited Fairholme Ranch — as the log cabin is known — to the list of recent Canada Council grants which showed that its one-time owner, a Captain French of West Vancouver, had received \$1,000 to write the memoirs of his life as a Royal North West Mounted Policeman and British secret agent. Through the Canada Council I saw Captain French in general and before long I was easily welcomed in his living room, admiring the view of English Bay, copying the paintings and objects of art that vie for wall space with long shelves of books, and listening to his story.

He is an impressive man, well over six feet in height, and looks to be about 60

or 65 — in fact he is 61. His hair is steel-grey but face lined but still extraordinarily handsome, dominated by a powerful aquiline nose and a thin, rather tough-looking mouth. Frankly, when he began to talk, I assumed he was a memoirist first, but he punctuated his adventure stories by sounding lightly from his chair to fish out documents, diaries, official papers and other memorabilia.

There were letters from Stewart Menzies, head of MI6, the British Military Intelligence branch, and the model for Ian Fleming's "M." There were long letters about French's activities, but also descriptions of midnight trysts with sleek female counterparts but petty quarrels over expensive accessories and lost memorabilia. There were the captain's diaries, 20 of them, full of action and dates and secret meetings, any one of

them, in the wrong hands at the wrong time, could have put a rope around his neck. There were photographs and books, the most interesting of which, *Je me souviens*, 1940, was written by Peter Fleming, Ian's brother, about the beginnings of World War II. It contained a copy of the German Security Service's blacklist of most-wanted British war criminals. Captain French appears as no. 25.

Conrad Fulke Thomond O'Brien French was born in London, England, in 1891. His father, Henry, an adventurer and a bit of a boulevardier had married Wilhelmina Thomsen, a strikingly beautiful Victorian model, at least in part because of her racial provenance. The couple settled in Italy at the Villa Tormes, in the hills east of Rome, but came back to England whenever a child was due so that it could be born under the British flag. After Conrad's birth



She and spy: in the mid-Thirties, French posed in a covert agent in Austria.

Walter Stewart is an associate editor of Maclean's and author of the recently published book, *Head To Swallow*.

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In England just before the war, he had met Caroline Maza, the pretty and talented daughter of portrait painter Horatio Maza, and she wrote to him for

After the Prince of Wales left India, French joined the 16th Queen's Lancers but developed a venereal disorder and retired in 1906 on pension to recuperate and chase more felines. There followed a taste of traveling, moonlighting and the study of painting. He had always dabbled in art but now took it up full time and spent six years studying in England, France, and Germany. He

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## After the German invasion of Austria, Captain French escaped to Switzerland with Nazi border guards firing at his car

achieved only moderate success.

French's time was now running 40 years, and only really interesting when he had even done so to be a spy. He went back to that. This came about in a curious way. In 1931, he married a Swedish beauty whom he had met in Rome. They honeymooned in England and Vienna, and while there French organized a "travel bureau" to take package tours across the Austrian ski country. It was located at Kitzbühel, in the Tyrol district of west Austria. In June 1938, Maud French announced that she wanted to go back to Stockholm for her forthcoming baby. Her husband went with her but rather than living out of Stockholm he decided to go skiing in Lapland, where there was still snow on the mountains. He settled in Riksgården, a resort town on the lake shore, and he was staying on the front porch of his hotel, wearing his ski when he noticed that a great many traces, ladies with one or two men passing through the town. His curiosity was piqued, with a worldwide reputation on his mind, he was ordering such large quantities of meat. There was something fishy about those meat, so "poking my nose in, I happened to see." Well, naturally, wouldn't you?

He learned that the one was bound for the Knapp munitions plant, on the Rhine river. Two was told evidence that Germany was renouncing its commitment of the Treaty of Versailles.

He sent a report directly to his old boss, Stewart MacLean, who was by now chief of Military Intelligence. MacLean was duly gratified, invited French to London once more and took him back on the payroll as a spy, stationed at Kitzbühel. He stayed there — except for one long brief flying trip across Austria to Chiusa on the Mur river — until March 1938 when German troops marched into Austria to enforce the Anschluss (union) with Germany.

Outwardly French throughout these years was a handsome playboy and sometimes several years with his own money. He was also Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who often visited Kitzbühel after the hideaways in 1936 — the Duke had met French in India when he was Prince of Wales. He was also friendly with the Fleming brothers, Ian and Peter. General French was not much taken by the younger brother. "This Ian was glamorous in certain: sophisticated, restless, spoiled, more cynical than Henry, strong-willed and unbalanced, and a first-class athlete. He was a very complicated, imaginative and a whole character who lacked stability and strong power,

and yet was most modest of failure in others.

He was also French believes a danger to him because he introduced French to a German race of the most suspected Gestapo agent. Markovitch told Maud not to drink, play but with asking questions and finally asked her point blank if the travel agency was in reality a spy. "Maud French gave a not very people and played. Consider a secret agent?" No, he's much too stupid."

"In a way," the captain's mother told him, "he was a more blatant and crass than I was, but after this affair I drew in



my home. I realized how utterly alone a secret agent can be.

Fleming went back to London to work in a stockbroker's office and later discovered as the author of books featuring spies who had the same dress style and high living tastes that he had seen in Kitzbühel. Conrad French does not believe James Bond was drawn from anyone he met. He — "we had spy over had those gadgets, or behaved with such woman beauty" — but he might see the manner of living Fleming described with his background of beautiful women and carefully chosen men reflected his manner of Austria.

Soon after Fleming left, French's marriage broke up. It had never been good and the strains of his recent life finished it. He spent most of his time gathering information from a network of spies in Austria and was in Germany taking to polo and and hobnobbing with nobles.

French spies were not James Bond to the contrary, barely hunkered. It was around this during his six years of Hitler-watching over a large area of Germany with many subagents in-

der me. I was receiving less pay than a window dresser. At times when I would meet C.D. (Claude Drouot, his real name, as reported) at, say, the Carlton Hotel, off the Haymarket, after coming from Kitzbühel in his respect, there would be gabbles over my travel expenses."

The money turned out to be well spent, however, when, on March 11, 1938, he was able to get out the first word of the German invasion of Austria. His method was direct, and rather dull, an Austrian living on the border sent the message, and French simply popped down to the corner and phoned Whitehall with a coded report. "I add then my own bad arm and, and the ally was on the other end and 'Right oh, good work,' which certainly would have tipped off anyone listening."

"Figuring that the border person would be a star of solid confidence, French bundled together all his secret papers and decamped for Switzerland by train. He got through without so much as having his passport stamped, although by the same train the next day Gestapo officials were tapping the sales of 'travelers' shoes in their search for incriminating documents."

Later, he went back to Kitzbühel to collect personal effects and wind up his business. While there, he heard that a friend and fellow agent in south Germany wanted to see him, so he drove over the border. They were at the agent's villa, in the middle of a long, mile-long discussion, when two SS officers arrived at the front door. Conrad French ducked out the back, where he had parked his car, pulled off without turning on his lights and headed for the Swiss border "at all speed." He reached the German frontier just after dawn and there, he recalls, "A frontier guard came out of the posthouse strapping on his automatic and bawling his order. He seized the two documents and my passport and carried them into the office. A minute later, I heard the telephone bell ring. One of his men came in the door to have a look at me, he disappeared and then a third emerged with my papers in his hand. He passed them to me through the net window, snaked up the heater and returned on top. Then suddenly some shots rang out behind me, and I heard sheets of 'Hail, hail' I stepped on the gas."

Once I had reached the safety of Switzerland, I began to realize my hazardous activities were over. I was more or less off the chessboard."

As a spy, he was hopelessly compromised, he decided to resign and go

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back to Canada, a land that held only happy memories. He settled first in Vancouver Island and made several trips to the British Columbia interior while working with growing vineyards to be offered a war job. Now his forthcoming from Canada, as he went back to England and spent the rest of the war working at various commodity jobs in England, Scotland and the West Indies. He married again while in England and brought his new wife, Rosalie, back to Canada at war's end.

Koskie did not take to the BC coast so the newlyweds drove to Banff, and there they found that a rare piece of fresh air was for sale within the National Park boundaries: five miles east of Banff. It was Fairbairn Ranch and they bought it on the spot.

The cowboy dream and helped to build the huge log building that caught his eye, then settled down to a life of raising horses, teaching at the Banff School of Fine Arts and bringing up a new family (He has two sons, Rodie and John, both now grown up). However, the second marriage, though long-lived, was not much more successful than the first. He began to spend more and more time at 100 Mile House, in the BC interior, where he became absorbed in a religious-own philosophy called Ontology (the word refers to the Greek for "discussion of being"), a branch of metaphysics that theorizes on the ultimate nature of being.

With the breakup of his second marriage in 1959, he moved away from Fairbairn, which was still in the Canadian government. The magnificent log cabin was steadily sold to an Edmonton man, dismantled and moved away. He bought a home in West Vancouver, and now divides his time between painting and teaching art and Ontology travelling often to 100 Mile House, the Canadian centre of the movement, and in Kootenay, Colorado, the U.S. headquarters. Whether due to Ontology or the simple mellowing influence of time, Constal French today appears a happy and serene man. He regards his spying game with philosophy again. What he has come to accept, the sunless and wasteful and spying, even on the right side, even working against a system, is essentially a form of organized lechery. Despite the intellectual sophistication when you ask him about those hardy pioneer days in America, a light comes into his eyes, the glowing breath come up the head goes back, and the soft, mellow voice rolls out. The Marquis de Castel-Thomson is off, back to the high life in post-war Europe, back to a time when he matched actress and wine with the Muses every day, and came away satisfied. ☐

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Dublin is a city full of walking ghosts. James Joyce, Sean O'Casey, Brendan Behan, Oscar Wilde and Yeats never really left

colloquialism of a show starring Milt O'Shea, which was greeted with such deserved delight by a packed house that I was knocked nearly into the aisle by the old gentleman next to me. He kept doubling with laughter, nudging me and his companions, an old coddler like himself. They were judges, I fancy, and the "actors" performers in the show were the "stars." The season was early spring, before the crowds of tourists began to thicken. When the curtain finally came down the old coddler next to me composed himself, wiped the sweat from his eyes with a large white linen handkerchief, and, thinking I was a Delinquent said, "Ah well, it will mean a few dollars. The part of a coddler is a good thing to have in a troupe, if this will ever come to be composed."

My *Azores* hotel used to be the Dolphin, on the south bank of the Liffey. Now the Dolphin has been transformed, and I stay at Jury's on College Green whenever I can, and never miss the pub that features congers and herring. It's like a punch party. One time when I was there the Bolshoi opera ballet were staying there also. They were gassed by the free and easy nature of the place, and after my time earlier that year in Hotel Roma in Moscow I knew how they felt. Jury's was better.

For all its bustle, Dublin is a city full of walking ghosts. James Joyce recently never left the place, nor has his spirit left. Oscar Wilde, Malinvi, Brendan Behan, Sam O'Casey, James Connolly, Yeats, Swift, Goldsmith, Keats, MacDonagh, Arthur Griffith, Mangan and Graham. They're all around Dublin in statues and books. They only don't back into them now and then to reward some student who is worth it or to get away from the crowds. For the very streets of Dublin seem to move with the people.

Phoenix Park, where the Vice-Royal Lodge has become the President's Lodging, a vice-savage and beautifully tamed. It was raining gently one day. I was there. I had just bought a tunic in a Clary's on O'Connell Street. Ireland was a new experience to my companion and Dublin to him, an old-considered, was another world, another England, not like Wales, but altogether different — the acids bitter, or the way a cleaning woman opened up a second shop early in the morning, so I could get a record of Michael MacLiammoine reading the poetry of Audreya Pearce before going to the airport. She left the door to me.

Don't miss the enchantment, but it blows and diminishes light, smell and sound. There are exits among all who

have ever been to Ireland. They read the *Wynnes of James Joyce* like a Dublin street directory to recall the ways: the squares, croissants, and parks, the squares and the toll, the people who pass or stop to eulogize and maybe for a libation, and the Four Courts, the bridges over the river Liffey.

William around Dublin again and again, I can see that it is the people who matter. There are plenty Congresses, Shaws, Sheridans and Goldsmiths. They steal the secrets of Dublin, Kildenny and Cork. Some of them do wine plays, direct or act in them and leave for London, Toronto or New York. When the pit vices of their fangorlotted success with they were back in their own countries with the New Sky over their heads, they have no more. The children, especially around the eyes, have a beauty to be found only in Ireland. They will always be there and the rough and narrow ways the nature of the land will always be there again.

Ireland is for many who visit her a return to a land where they have never been. After their sojourn, wishing to stay longer in Limerick, walking of ruins

[illegible]

That is the last view that rising visitors get of Ireland as they ferry across to Britain or fly home, back to the world of their own making: their getting and spending, but there will always be the wish to bring them back again. ☉

## HOW TO GO, WHERE TO STAY

Air Lagan is the Irish national air carrier and flies out of Shannon to Shannon and Dublin. There are direct connections to Europe, and there are no fares both from Britain and the continent to Cork, Dublin and London.

Hearts are abundant and wings are hidden. The Kauls fly hard on looking. Sir Stephen's Grace is not only Dublin's first but among the best in the world peace communities. The Royal Hotel, his style and history, along with a historical history. The literature and Graham are big, fine, and popular. Sir Henry's Hotel by College Green remains far the best hotel in the world. It has a personality all its own and the guests run from about 526 a night for single beds and breakfast. There are many other hotels in Dublin but none are all started and reached to the Irish Traveler's Club. Royal Hotel, the first of Dean Longtree, in the form of Dean Longtree, and overlooking the strand and the city square, is a grand new hotel in the city with a wide walk along the shore in Sandy Cove, Bree, and Killybegs.

Wyke's Hotel (340 a night) on Woodford is a fine place for those who land in Iceland from the Fishguard ferry. The Grand Hotel in Tromsø overlooks one of

The East border in Europe: The Citadel Police Head (SIO) is a 16th-century residence built to house an archbishop and there's good fishing to be had around there, with some of the best pike in the land having there during the season.

There is the Fyfe Road in Galloway and the Downhill Road in Inverclyde (S12) line stretching creates for the west. The Road Memphis in Cook is another of those places like Jary's with a personality of its own, but needs reservations as far in advance as possible (S13).

There is an official guide to hotels and guest houses put out by the Irish Tourism Board, which can be consulted at any ITB office or may be requested from the printer in Toronto: P. King Street East.

Farmhouses and country homes offer accommodations at a much lower cost. They're far less expensive than hotels, and food and breakfast can generally be had for about five dollars a night. The price is considerably higher for full board.

Tourism has become a major part of the Irish economy. The motor coach tours are, for the most part, the world's chosen

available and uncommon. The small town is a pleasure to visit, but they'll be surprised if you ask for ice or your drink in a bar or Clubside in July.

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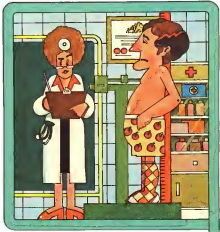
An eye-catching young lady may measure 50-60-90. Prince Charming waits on at 600 centimeters tall, with a mass of 90 kilograms. As Canada gradually goes metric, these two units, centimeters and kilograms, will be the most common terms we use in talking about our bodies.

Eventually, everything to do with what we're made of will be measured in simple, uniform metric units. Already, blood pressure is measured in millimetres of mercury. When you go to the Red Cross, it will be to give roughly 550 millilitres of blood. By the next

important terms in daily life will still be kilograms and centimetres. For example, a kilogram a week is a good average loss of mass for a steady diet. The man who decides to exercise and

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		绝对数	同比增长			绝对数	同比增长
一、国内生产总值	100	100	100	100	100	100	
二、第一产业	10	10	10	10	10	10	
三、第二产业	40	40	40	40	40	40	
四、第三产业	50	50	50	50	50	50	
五、按地区分	100	100	100	100	100	100	
六、按行业分	100	100	100	100	100	100	
七、按所有制分	100	100	100	100	100	100	
八、按地区分	100	100	100	100	100	100	
九、按行业分	100	100	100	100	100	100	
十、按所有制分	100	100	100	100	100	100	



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# SPORTSCASTS: WHERE NEVER IS HEARD A DISCOURAGING WORD

By John Robertson

Almost without exception, every radio and TV description of professional hockey, football and baseball games in North America, is a "house" broadcast — a paid ad in its entirety, designed to sell the product to the public rather than report the game as straight news.

The commentators fall into three categories. They are either directly on the payroll of the home team (as is Dave Van Horn of the Montreal Expos), or they work for the agency handling the TV package for individual clubs (as do Danny Galvin and Billy Hewitt of *Monkey Night* in Canada), or they are employees of stations that have negotiated for broadcasting rights (just about all Canadian Football League and National Football League radio and TV broadcasters), and have given the hosts implied veto-power on what is said and who says it on the air during games.

This is why you'll never hear Dave Van Horn's least over the top hissing pitcher Dabo Swisher — who doubles as an Expo batting instructor when he's not in the broadcasting booth — and say:

"Dabo, old buddy, it's only the sixth inning, but the Expos are looking 10-1 and they look to hold over the wheel-chair players are laying down rubber as they roll out of the park in despair. Don't you wish you could take a hike with them instead of being in it through the rest of this turkey?"

Surely, you will never hear Billy Hewitt say anything resembling "Well, folks, the Washington Waterpails are the visitors tonight, and if the NHL isn't any sense of decency they'd make them wear neckties tomorrow."

Likewise you will never hear CBC's Don Chesser (above) say: "The Argonauts are so bad this year, folks, I don't know why they don't let this line go for nothing and charge them to get out. They have a halfback named Rex Oedipus, who is destined to be a superstar if he could cut back lines of just one bad habit. He sacks his thumb while he carries the ball. They have a quarterback, Frank Flinger, who is so dumb they have to type the plays in the middle of his epistles. Their best pass catcher, Charlie Clutch, missed the last three red zone plays because he kept dropping his bounding pass and assuming the third position everyone he heard footsteps behind him in the airport."

It is just about every professional sports broadcast you can almost hear the play-by-play man bellowing: "... you got to accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative, latch on to the affirmative, and don't mess with Mr. Is Believing..." as he takes deep breaths between each breathful of vagabondism.

In the United States, the play-by-play commentators have become so devoted toward broadcasting the product that the Federal Communications Commission — the U.S. equivalent of the Canadian Radio-Television Commission — has made it a rule that all announcers must disclose the source of their employment on the air during each game.

So you're going to hear each thing as: "Well, fans, this is your old friend Bill Bief, the voice of the Buffalo Bills. They own me right down to the tops of my crotch-up jeans.



They pay me to say only nice things about the Bills but anyone who knows me knows I'd say the same things for nothing, because I am terrified of offending those big hairy brutes down on the field. And now let's pass for a 60-second commercial featuring the Bills and the Chicago Waltons."

Van Scully, the voice of the Los Angeles Dodgers and perhaps the best play-by-play broadcaster in all of professional sports, bristles when newspaper reporters get on him for not being more critical of the Dodgers, who pay his salary. "When sports writers nag me for these omissions," says Scully, "I ask them if they knock their publishers as hard. If the managing editor gets into a fight with his wife, does the paper run the story?"

Actually, most newspapermen would be acutely embarrassed if they were made to disclose everything they accepted in the way of favors and gratuities from the teams they cover.

For example, when I covered baseball for the Montreal Star and traveled with the Expos for two full seasons, I was pretty much a grey-man. We newspapermen flew on the team chartered air to charge. We were escorted, if we chose, to and from airports and hotels in a limousine, also paid for by the team. And every night, whether the team was at home or on the road, the stadium we happened to be at provided the press with all the free food and booze we wanted. A few chosen ones could also pick up \$50 a night by sitting as official league scorers, and you could collect \$300 a pop as a puff piece for the home club's programs. At Christmas, the club indulgently dispenses hardware gifts to the writers, up to and including television sets.

The Montreal Canadiens used to pick up the tab for all transportation for certain writers, but some of these same journalists were made to go to the coach every day, but in hand, to get their meal allowance. Under that system, getting along as I do with coaches, I would have starved to death.

Until a couple of years ago, the National Hockey League paid the shot for any hockey writer from any league city to come and cover the Stanley Cup finals. I can vividly remember Clarence Campbell at one Stanley Cup Final awards dinner, announcing from the head table: "All all writers who have availed themselves of the hospitality of the league, please come forward and pick up their cheques."

As long as this goes on in disguised packages we can hardly point a finger of scorn at broadcasting businessmen. The only difference between the two is that sports writers can lay up the gray and still retain the illusion of independence by occasionally snapping in print at the band that feeds them. Which reminds me of the story of the man who approached a stunning young thing at a party and said: "Would you sleep with me for a million dollars?"

"I see right," cooed the girl.  
"How about for \$50 dollars?" asked the man. At which point the girl snored. "Just what do you think I am?"  
"We've already established what you are," said the man. "All we are doing now is haggle over your price."



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# JANIS: JUST A LILY-WHITE PIECE OF HER ART

By John Hudson

Janis Joplin and Lenny Bruce put their groins (I use the word loosely, for they may as well) into their lives and their talent into their work. Essentially their performance will be forgotten, except as cultural curiosities symptomatic of their times. But their lives — their energy, undisciplined, Dostoevskian lives that devoured new experiences with vulgar greed — had the sheer magnetism and pitiful shock that defined us of the Marquis de Sade.

"I was stark naked and out of my mind on heroin," is the way Peggy Caserta begins her last-issued book, *Group Dates With Janis*. "She was covered blind on smack too, but the junk flowing through her veins and saturating her brain hadn't diminished the skill (with which she made love)." Joplin's life was like an uncontrollable line movie. Men, moments, angles, groups, day or night. Janis took on all comers. For Norman was a day in bed, she complained, but she had a high opinion of Kris Kristofferson. When the famous was unavailable, she often turned to surferboy, postmarked panache from the streets, and would fly into a rage if they couldn't satisfy her — which was most of the time.

Myra Friedman's biography of Joplin, *Beyond Alice*, goes as equally undisciplined portrait. Speaking after Janis' bloodstained fatal overdose of drugs, Janis is quoted as saying, "I wonder if I'd got so much pleasure as he did." Two weeks later she too shot up for the last time and collapsed like a puppet tangled in its strings.

The lower depths of Janis Joplin aren't even suggested, let alone shown, involved, in the new film *Janis*. While in Canadian producers might beg off and say that the film isn't meant to be biographical but merely a record of her stage performances (avoiding the two aspects of Joplin's life is as sharply divided), the film does) even have a critical perspective about her music. Did she, for instance, get better or worse during her brief career? Myra Friedman is clear, wistful (and close to Joplin, and resistant to agent Albert Grossman) acknowledges that Janis was a dancer at Woodstock (that's why Michael Woodcut's famous film included an footage of her stage performance) and that she often performed badly, accompanied by dreadful musicians with mere single than single.

It has taken "Wedge" Crawley a lot of time, money and painstaking negotiations to assemble the film seen here (nearly 50 other applicants were turned down by the Joplin family who held the rights to much of the material) but the result is a conservative film wholly unexcited about any aspect of Joplin's life. All the footage (with the exception of the well-known section of *Janis* at Woodstock's Monterey Pop and an excerpt from a Dick Cavett interview) is new, and most of the performance are look-alike triumphs drawn from Joplin's European and Canadian tours in 1969-70 when she was happy and (temporarily) in command of herself. As a videodisc of Joplin's Greatest Hits Janis certainly won't be topped. But we all have a right to demand a more penetrating, perceptive view of her than this film affords.



Janis is the typically discreet, mass-media view of a public personality (reminiscent in that a suggestive heavy-lift shot shows her [sic] but Bob Fosse's *Janis* [starring Daphne Holzman] is a galling, half-baked lie).

In 1960, well before he was arrested for obscenity for the first time, Lenny Bruce supported a drug habit that cost him between \$500 to \$150 a week. Both his arms were shot to hell. He had to have a friend put him in the back of his leg, as, right, 10 times a day. Once, when he was read in his wife, he squealed to the police and got her arrested for marijuana possession. Later, he ranted on his drug connections in plea-bargaining deals. Much of his celebrated material was stolen from others.

Lenny doesn't let you say any of this. It passes off Lenny Bruce as a persecuted genius headed to a premature death by a hostile and repressive society. It's nothing new for director Bob Fosse to do something like this. He flashes up Bruce's life the way he flashed up Christopher Isherwood's Berlin. Since to make *Chicago*, we got sentimentalized distortions, pandering to popular prejudice, a cinematic snow-job. As in *Chicago*, the film only comes to life in its right-dish sequences. Although the aspect of the original Bruce routines cannot be recreated now, the "kick" burner is Joplin, the first-letter words are meaningless.

In spite of the distortions, which serve to keep the audience on Bruce's side, *Janis* is a strangely cold, empty, unconvincing experience. The truth about Lenny Bruce might have been a pit and audience probably would have gone home hating the hypocritical SOB. He wasn't liberated, like Janis he was guilt-ridden, driven to self destruction, thus proving to all small-minded, conventional people that they were right, that one could go "too far" and pay a terrible price.

Why is it that books such as Albert Grossman's *Janis and Groceries*, Lenny Bruce's *Janis* and Myra Friedman's *Beyond Alice* tell the truth about their subjects, while movies almost always cop out? Surely it's because the men who make these films are so afraid of alienating the potential mass audience, and not making a profit, of being sued, or violating "good taste" that they decide to package films such as *Janis* and *Lenny* as glossy, subtle fictions. To hell with the facts: they just take the money and run.

**BEWARE:** The *Godfather* Part II before it had run its course, every part of me had rejected it from bladder to brain. It's a lavishly expensive "what elephant?" — beautifully crafted but what for? It has no new information about the Corleone family or American society, no new, particularly no violence, no dramatic tension, no character development, just endless scenes of neorealistic detail. It's the *Godfather* goes "bitch." What was so deep in the original that it needed a \$14 million sequel?

John Hudson is the author of *Secret Views: 10 Canadian Film Movies just published by McGraw-Hill-Ryanco.*

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# LOUIS CYR AND OTHER LEGENDS: HOMAGE TO OUR SPORTING LIFE

By Michael Bliss

The way to become a Canadian sports hero is to be recognized outside of Canada. If you win an Olympic gold medal or any world championship you're automatically admitted to Canada's Sports Hall of Fame. Few of the 177 people, one athlete, one powerboat and a horse who are members had exclusively Canadian careers.

That is as it should be. Athletes have a compulsion to test themselves against the best. National boundaries only get in their way and national performance can only be measured in international arenas.

In *Canada's Sporting Heroes: Their Lives & Times* (Gleneden Publishing, \$14.95) S. F. Wise and Doug Fisher pay homage to every star of Canada's Sports Hall of Fame, including the Marston, Miss Supplett, and Nathaniel Dancer. Their biographies are all here — from Louis Cyr, the legendary French-Canadian strong man, to George Adams Jr., our 22-year-old world water skiing champion. We've had world quality athletes in some 40 sports, and the Hall of Fame hasn't neglected anyone except hockey and football players and our 1923 world champion top-of-war team. Fisher and Wise too often fall into the pro-whore school of sports journalism, but they do get their facts straight and the biographical 60% of their text is a unique compendium of Canadian sports achievement.

The other 40% of the book represents the first attempt by trained historians (Wise is a doyen of the profession). Fisher took his BA in history, so wrote a social history of Canadian sport. Deploring other historians' neglect of "the joyful preoccupation of Canadians with play and competition" (actually we're just take it for granted) they try to relate the development of sports and games to other patterns of Canadian life.

Historians' 19th-century taste as Canada's commercial center, for example, was almost exactly paralleled by its creative taste in sporting sports. From their first "Olympic Games" in 1844 through the incorporation of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association in 1881, which Wise and Fisher consider "the most important single development in the history of Canadian sport," Metropolitan pioneered in the development of every major Canadian recreation. This was not accidental, only the Montreal business elite had the energy, leisure and wealth to invest in sports.

Fisher and Wise show how Montreal's influence probably grew because of its inability to compete for talent with the prosperous Anglo-Saxons of southern Ontario. And they're undoubtedly good in the way they connect the games with the sports of the people. The Montreal cult of amusements, they argue, represented the outlook of a literate and moneyed class that was "at odds with the sporting customs of the country.... the popular Canadian attitude that a good athlete who earned a living and brought in the gate deserved something in exchange." Our confusion about professionalization in sports reached some kind of climax in 1907 when Hugh Graham, owner of the Montreal Star, offered to pay two



Laughton \$2,000 to continue to adhere to the amateur code.

They do not convince me, however, that Canadians have been unusually active participants in sports. We're noted spectators and eager bettors. Our most popular sport has always been horse racing, harness racing is the people's pastime and thoroughbreds are the pets of the wealthy. And we're about to make our greatest contribution to Olympic history, not in the medals we'll win at Montreal in 1976 (we'll probably never do better than we did in 1928), but in showing the world how to finance the Olympics by exploiting mass greed for a good cause.

There's a great deal of value in this book, explanations of the rise and fall of various sports, good discussions of the increasing involvement of government in athletics and excellent pioneering research throughout. All in all it's fair to say that Wise and Fisher have given us the most important book yet written about sports in Canadian life.

But they could have done better. They didn't have the room to draw on to write a complete social history of Canadian sport. They're suggestive and selective rather than authoritative and thorough. Their organization is wretched: instead of a chronological history we get a chapter on each sport immediately followed by the biographies of our Hall of Famers. The switch from history to biography and back makes it impossible to read the book from cover to cover.

And you should be warned about the fundamental silliness behind the selection of biographies, stemming from the foolish admission principles of the Sports Hall of Fame, which commissioned the book. When the book was written there were hardly any hockey or football players in the Hall of Fame because it didn't want to compete with the Hockey and Football Halls of Fame (it's since changed its mind). So Kicket Richard, Gordie Howe, Russ Jackson, and dozens more of our best athletes are just mentioned in passing in *Canada's Sporting Heroes*.

But we do get a biography of Sam Laughton, the Barton Tor Bats, who left Canada for good when he was 12. And Ted Thomson, a US resident from age eight, who won a gold medal for Canada in hurdling at the 1920 Olympics because he was ineligible for the American team. He later had a brilliant career as the track coach of the US Naval Academy. Norval Ragle, a charter member of the US Ice Skating Hall of Fame, is also a Canadian sports immortal, apparently because he lived the first year of his life in Canada. There are others like them.

This is carrying admission to absurdity. On this principle we should claim John Kenneth Galbraith for our Canadian Economics Hall of Fame, Elizabeth Arden for our Cosmetics Hall of Fame, and Anne Temple McPherson for our Evangelical Hall of Fame. If we extend the principle only a little further we should note that Elsie Dwyer, Walt's father, was born in Canada, Mickey Mouse should be given the designation he deserves and made the national symbol for all our halls of fame.

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# HAVIN' MY BABY: NO ONE CAN TEACH YOU THE RIGHT DELIVERY

By Heather Robertson

I wake up at 3 a.m. in a puddle, cold, soaked, scared. I get up and wander around through the dark house for a while, trying to stay calm, but my head is filled with a brilliant white light and somewhere a loud siren goes on, trying. The contractions are weak and irregular — 20 minutes, then half an hour, then several stronger ones close together. I have a glass of milk. When I go back to bed I am cold and shaking uncontrollably. I doze off waiting for the pain to start.

At once I am in the hospital. They put me into a wheelchair. I hold out my arm and they clamp a blue plastic band around my wrist with my name, room and number — M191. "I feel like a cadaver," I say, as the orderly wheels me down a corridor where thousands of people part on either side of me like fish. I feel distant, as if I am in a dream.

The labor room is an austere cell: a high, narrow white bed, a sink, a chair. The bed has colorful metal rails around it. A nurse stands at my head and gives me an enema, a procedure so humiliating that, bold and purged, I feel profoundly vulnerable, a religious neophyte initiated into an ancient ritual shrouded in secrecy and taboo. A fresh medical student comes in and asks a hundred trivial questions about my medical history. He is pronouncing his bedside manner, which consists of a friendly routine, and expects me to laugh in the middle of a conversation. The nurse explains I am concentrating on my breathing. "Belly!" he says, and maintains a respectful silence. One deep breath, regular even breaths as the contraction builds, another deep breath at the end. The nurse places one hand on my stomach, puts on her watch. "That was a good one," the cry encouragingly.

The contractions are coming every two to three minutes now and they're much stronger. It's an extraordinary feeling, not unpleasant, not the familiar sharp pain of a cut or burn, but more like the slow relentless grip of a vise, a grinding, pushing and stretching of bone and muscle. I am still calm, in control, but getting edgy. I don't have time to hear about women moaning and crying in rooms further down the hall. The time between contractions gets shorter and they're starting to hurt. About 3 p.m. I ask for a sedative and they give me an injection.

Then everything goes bad. My mind is divided, confused. The pains are very far now. They don't build in a normal wave but hit all at once and never quite fade away before the next wave rolls over me. I lose control of my breathing pattern. The line of the young nurse at the perineal dais floats up in front of me — one deep breath, even breaths building to short pants, another deep breath. I try but the nurse tells me I'm doing it wrong. I should be taking even, deep breaths. Now I'm completely panicky. My head feels full of mud. "Belly!" says the nurse, hovering at me as a siren, so desperate why, I want to punch her. I sink into a stupor, aware only of voices and the pressure of a hand on my arm, lost in a white fog. The baby's head bursts down like a pile driver. I can hear a woman's voice groaning, howling, not a human cry but a deep, drawn-out animal howl.



I know that it's me and I'm ashamed but I don't care anymore. The cry seems to come from a long way away. I wonder why how long this is going to last and whether I will go mad before it ends.

My doctor arrives. It's dark outside my window now and someone says it's nearly 6 p.m. He examines me. I have made no progress since he saw me at 11 a.m. in his office six hours of futile agony. Wanted. Do I want to keep going, he asks, or do I want to try as expedient, an operation which will bring me from the white noise? Keep going? Mer? "I'd like the epidural," I say quickly.

I am flooded with relief, expectation. They wheel me into the delivery room, a large, bare, tacky room with a very small high table under a spotlight in the middle. The anesthetist sits a needle in my back near the spine. It takes a long time. Slowly the pain shifts, recedes, disappears. I am numb, but my head is clear. The anesthetist is pleased. "It doesn't always work," he says cheerfully. Without it, he tells me, I'd be floating up to 35 hours of labor followed probably by a Caesarian. On death, I say to myself, shocked. A hundred years ago I would have been one of these women who didn't make it.

A "difficult" labor. Hooked up to my bottle of fluid which is drip dripping into my back. I am a happy drug fiend, relaxed, dazed, giddy. I have failed childbirth. I stand revealed as a physical coward. The no someone name looks at me contemptuously. Flashes on her. To tell with the boring lifeless contractions, the child-birth-without-fear paperbacks that start gently moved the word "pain," the cherry advice from heavily redolent and poisonous gynecologists of aged obstetricians. To tell with all the films showing some young women going through labor with a smile on her face. "Belly with it difficult," says my doctor magnanimously at 9 p.m. The crown of the baby's head is showing. We're ready to go.

But on the delivery table, my legs, pure wooden, in the stirrups, they fail me to push. I can feel the pressure of the baby's head. Nothing else. I feel a little and now, nothing, almost ridiculous for the baby to be born. For it to be over, for all the anticipation and fear and expectation to be made flesh. I can feel the tension in the others too. We form a little white sea under the light, waiting, the doctors swaddled like queens in their green gowns and masks, the no someone nurse looking a little kinder, my child's father sitting by my left shoulder, and me, stretched out like a human sacrifice in a bloody little drama. For a moment I feel at the center of the universe. Suddenly the baby's head is there, round, black-blue, mottled with dark sticky hair. "You have a boy!" cries the doctor at the foot of her cotage, reddish-brown, streaked with blood and white and white milk. I bend my head back and look at the clock. 9:45 p.m.

I hold my breath as the doctor sucks the mucus out of his mouth through a long tube. A squater, a cry, a frantic waving of arms and legs and then strong, high, limberlike Mer. It's the beginning of the world.

# The day the west won Warsaw.



May Day 1924 (Warsaw). Following our great success in Moscow, we headed for Poland. It was there, in Stare Miasro, one of the oldest squares in Warsaw, that we

advised our finest host. We knew that Polish people, like their Russian neighbours, love their vodka (in fact they claim they invented it) so we felt a little uneasy as we made our way through the crowds at the height of the May Day celebrations.

We placed a bottle of Alberta Vodka on one of the tables at outdoor cafe and groups at the next table. They came over, curious to see what the "foreigners" were up to. We offered a drink to their leader who accepted it hesitantly. He sniffed at it, took a sip and then announced. We held our breath, this was the moment of truth.

The young man looked up and with a big smile turned to our translator. "This is excellent vodka." He said something to his friends who all surged forward, glasses outstretched, eager to sample our Alberta Vodka. At once we were part of the festivities. Everywhere we went people were laughing and joking, slapping our backs and calling us *proszymy* (thanks). They all loved the name on the label very unusual but agreed that our vodka was very smooth.

We came out to see how on May Day 1924 two Canadians and a bottle of Alberta Vodka conquered Warsaw and proved that it doesn't take a Russian sounding name. For even a Polish one! to make a great vodka.

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